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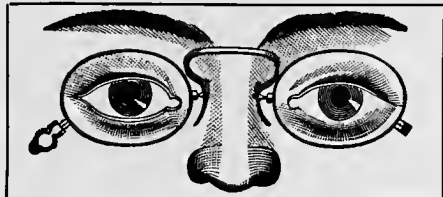
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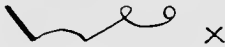
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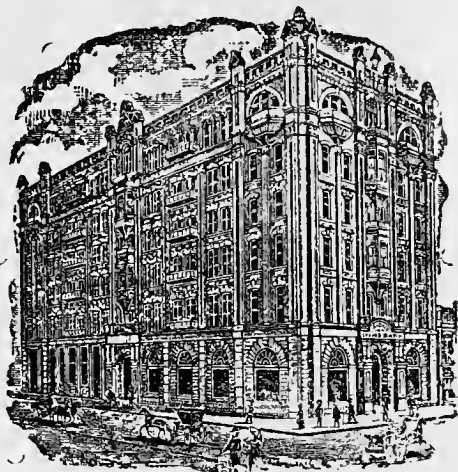
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Bring the boy who knocks his toes out for any of these—they are made to stand bumps. Boys' school shoes made of heavy calf with reinforced

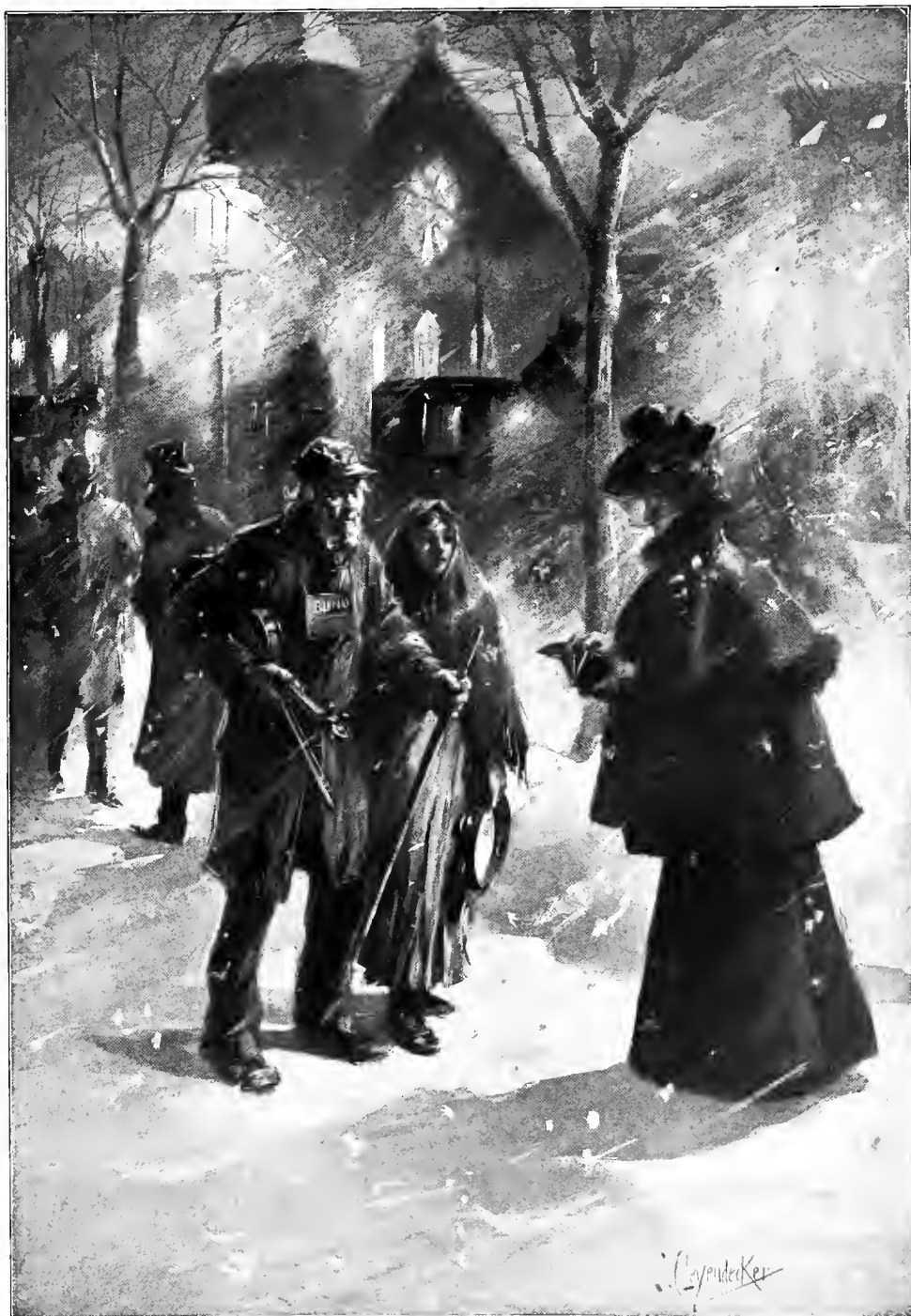
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CHRISTMAS EVE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

VOL. XXXVI.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1901.

No. 24.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

MARGARET LANDON had taught school in the town of Clear Lake for one year.

Seventy miles away, in a peaceful, quiet home, made dear and beautiful because of the tender ties of affection which bound its inmates together, lived her father and mother, brothers and sisters.

Mr. Landon had been a successful farmer in the small but growing village of Dwightville, and for years had lived comfortably and happily with his wife and children, his funds increasing steadily, it seemed, in proportion to the increase of his family.

Margaret, the eldest of their seven children, had been sent to school at a reasonably early age, and being bright and quick to learn, had graduated in the normal as well as some other courses, with much satisfaction and many honors when she was twenty-one.

And it was a very opportune time for this important thing to come to pass, for other important things had already taken place.

Her father had been lured into business for which he was not adapted, by business men who were shrewd and keen sighted, while he was exceedingly credulous and unsuspecting.

In their business transactions, he had been encouraged to borrow money for which interest must be paid; had finally mortgaged

his farm, fallen into arrears with the interest and the very men who had with friendly overtures and glowing pictures of the prosperity awaiting him, enticed him into speculative measures, were about to foreclose the mortgage and leave the family homeless.

It was at that juncture that Margaret had stepped bravely forward and said, «This decides what I had better do. The school has been offered me at Clear Lake, and although I dread the thought of leaving home, I shall take it. I can earn enough to keep myself and in time pay up that hateful interest.»

«Oh, my daughter! how can I think of letting you go away off there?» asked her father.

And her mother said very tenderly, «What could we do without you at home?»

«It will be better for Grace, and the younger children also, mother, for me to be away for awhile,» answered Margaret. «Just see, Grace is sixteen now, and we never think of leaving her to get a meal by herself; hardly think she can make bread without you or I tell her how much flour she will want, when the bread should go into the oven, how long it must remain there, and all that. And before I was as old as she is, you would trust everything to me for days together. We are spoiling her, mother, and it is not fair.»

«You shall not have to go away from home on that account, Marg,» said Grace, the second daughter. «You shall see that I *can* take hold and learn all about cooking and house-keeping, if both you and mother are here. And I *will* do it, truly, Marg; I will do anything you want me to, anything I ought to do, if only you will not talk any more of going away to teach school and earn money.»

But however much they all disliked the idea of being separated, it seemed the only way for obtaining the money necessary to enable them to keep their much loved home.

Margaret wrote at once to the school trustee who had offered her the situation, accepting his proposition. And in a week she had made her hasty preparations and was ready to go.

The children said, as she rushed out, after giving them each a hurried kiss and a sort of snatchy little hug,

«It looks like Marg is glad to get away from us. Don't believe she kissed mother and baby Ja at all; just ran to them and put her face to theirs and sprang away laughing and singing «Goodby my lovers, goodby!» Oh, Marg! Marg! How can you leave us like that?»

And the young brothers and sisters wept piteously over that first long separation, which was taking their beloved eldest sister so far away and for so great a while. For although they had all, who were old enough, attended school, they were fortunate in living but a short distance from good schools and a college, so that their nights had always been spent together under the parental roof.

It was early morning when Margaret left home. After receiving her father's goodby kiss and benediction in the door-yard, she climbed into the light-spring wagon beside her eldest brother, who was to drive with her to the station. There was not much conversation carried on between the brother and sister during their short drive.

But as they were early at the station, and for a few moments left to themselves, Mar-

garet gave vent to her long pent up feelings, and throwing her arms about her brother, sobbed and cried out the loneliness that was weighing very heavily upon her heart.

«Don't tell father nor mother a thing about this, will you Bert?» she asked after awhile.

Bert caressed and soothed his sister, and promised not to mention that she had given way to tears at the last, and kept his promise sacredly, although for days after, he was very serious for a boy of eighteen, with that heavy secret tugging at his heart.

As soon as she reached Clear Lake, Margaret, with the assistance of friends, communicated at once with the banker, Mr Koberg, who held her father's notes, informing him that the interest due would soon be paid up, and urging him not to allow the foreclosure of the mortgage on the Landon farm until she should have an opportunity of proving what she could do toward redeeming it.

Her note, cheerful and courageous in its tone, was politely answered by Mr. Koberg, and the matter was graciously arranged according to her request.

In entering her new calling in school at the close of the year, Margaret was filling a vacancy caused by the removal of another teacher; and although a beginner, she gave such entire satisfaction that a better and more remunerative position was offered her at the close of her first year.

She had worked very hard to secure this promotion. Had put out of her mind as much as possible the thought of home and the loved ones there, and when the day before Christmas arrived, she felt that she deserved a rest and a «run home» to peep at the dear faces and hear the glad voices once more.

But it would cost something which might go toward clearing off the dreadful debt; it would take time which perhaps ought to be spent in preparation for the new duties; and oh, it would be so hard to tear herself away from home again after so short a visit as she would be obliged to make if she should go!

She decided, after a hard struggle, to send home a bright, cheerful, hopeful letter, mentioning each member of the dear family circle, telling of her good fortune in being promoted, and saying she was much needed to help in the holiday doings for her school and friends at Clear Lake, and had concluded not to go home yet, but by and by.

She began with, «My beloved parents and all my dear brothers and sisters.»

Her loved ones all seemed to be dearer to her just then than ever before. She laid down her pen and indulged in a good, hearty cry, which lasted but a few moments and relieved her greatly. Then she bathed her face and resumed her writing.

«After due consideration I have concluded not to come home at present. I am very much needed here, and my friends have been so kind to me I feel that it would seem ungrateful for me to desert them now.

I know how much you want me at home, and you all know, (maybe you do,) how I feel about being there. But let it all go!

Would you like a summary of my expenses for the year? Here it is. I will begin at the bottom and work upward.

Footwear, (blacking included, glad I'm not very hard on shoes,)	\$5.90
Underwear	6.00
Dress goods and help in making	11.55
	—————
	\$23.45
Wrappers and aprons	2.00
Coat and cape	12.15
Hats and fascinator	7.20
Handkerchiefs, collars, neckties, ribbons, hair pins and stationery	2.50

(These last articles I got as a great bargain at a closing-out sale last spring, and in them are included the small Christmas presents I send to each of you.)

Charities and benefits, including two concerts,	4.00`
---	-------

Mrs. Heather is glad of the help I can give her with the washing and ironing, the exer-

cise does me good and I have no laundry bills. My board and lodging at \$12.00 a month would have been \$144.00. But I have helped Mrs. Heather considerably in making up her accounts, collecting bills, etc., and although I wished to pay the full amount, she insisted on taking \$100.00 only and calling it settled in full. She is a straight-forward, worthy woman, and I do not grudge what I pay her, or all I can do for her. She says with my good sense and good fortune I should become a millionaire some time. I tell her she will never be left destitute if I do.

Here is some good news for you. I shall receive \$60.00 a month next year instead of only \$45.00. We must still economize more carefully, if possible; each one try a little harder to save something more towards the great end of lifting the mortgage, and see how nearly we can reach it in another year.

Mother, do have Grace learn to manage and do things herself. It will be such a help to her when she has to be away from you. I am more than thankful all the time that I know how to work.

Father, I am glad you and Bert did as well, even, as you did with your crops this year. We must not feel discouraged, next season may be ever so much better.

Pansy, if you and Dot and Frank learn the kindergarten song I sent you so that you can sing the words, when I come home I will teach you some pretty, graceful little motions that belong to it. And baby Ja can take part in it, too.—Oh, baby Ja how it will make him laugh!

It is time I was helping my friends with their holiday decorations. So I will wish you all such happy, happy times, and leave you now with sweet goodbyes.»

MARGARET.

This letter she wrote and posted early in the day, and then cheerfully gave the rest of her time to assisting her friends in their preparations for Christmas.

Toward evening, as Margaret was going

from the schoolhouse where she taught, and which she had been helping to decorate for Christmas, to the house where she boarded, she was passing by a church, which she had also assisted that day to put in holiday attire, when an unusual sight attracted her attention.

Quite a fierce snow storm had commenced its part in the Christmas revelries, and night was rapidly settling down, yet several men in earnest conversation still lingered near the church; and so absorbed were they in the question under discussion that they failed to notice a poor, old, blind musician, who, led by a young girl passed close by them, if not asking, plainly desiring alms.

What struck Margaret as being singular, was the total indifference shown by *all* those men, (who evidently were well-to do in the things of the world,) toward the poor unfortunate and destitute musicians.

The old man with his violin and the girl with her tamborine, it was easy to see had been playing until they were tired, hungry and cold, yet very few persons had noticed or helped them.

As they approached, Margaret took out her pocket-book, which was not very heavy, and as she saw the face of the girl brighten with expectancy, she felt a pang at her heart because of the meagre offering she would be obliged to make to the needy strangers. And the fact that the man was blind made a still sadder impression upon her.

«Oh!» she thought, «if I had only the power to give them comfort like the ancient apostles who could say, (Silver and gold have we not, but such as we have give we unto thee.) And to the lame they would say, (Arise and walk,) and it was done. And to the blind, (Behold the glory of our God!) and the eyes of the blind were opened, that they could see.»

With these thoughts came into Margaret's soul a deeper reverence for the sacred things of God than she had ever before known.

«I wonder if they know of Christ, whose

birth we shall celebrate tomorrow; or if they are spiritually blind, like the poor man's mortal eyes,» she said to herself. And then to the girl she spoke audibly, «do you speak English?» she asked, after handing her the money she had taken from her purse.

The girl replied in English, with a German accent, that she could talk and understand also, and that her father, although he could understand well, could speak but little.

Margaret then asked if they knew about the Savior of the world, the Christ whose birth was remembered on Christmas. The man shook his head and the girl answered they knew but little of good or heavenly things.

«Would you like to know more of them?» Margaret asked. And the poor strangers made known that they both would be glad to learn.

«Come into the church here and rest awhile and get warm,» said Margaret, hospitably, leading the way as she spoke, and motioning them to follow. She and the minister who preached there, and his family, were great friends, and she felt quite at home and at liberty to invite the sojourners to rest awhile in the warmth and light of the church.

Margaret's unusually kind attention to the wanderers did attract the notice of one of the gentlemen still standing near, dense as they had all seemed, and the look of surprise upon his face deepened, as, after close observation, he recognized the daughter of his uncle's debtor, Mr. Landon.

He had seen the young woman once only before, had written her name on a receipt which he had been authorized to give her. That was months ago, but he remembered her face and name distinctly, and somehow at that moment a curious interest in her and her strange companions took possession of him as he watched them entering the church together. «It's growing cold here, uncle,» he said, stamping the snow off his boots, «suppose we go into this church where it's warm.»

"Go in James, and get warm, said Mr. Koberg, the banker, for it was he, "and after a while come down to the bank, we shall have to be there late this evening, that is, some of us will."

James Koberg, a bright young man who was in business with his uncle, went into the church that Christmas eve for something more than he anticipated. Not only was his physical form warmed and animated by the heat of the natural fire, but his inmost soul was set aglow with a new and divine light, while he listened to the simple, touching story of the lowly Nazarene, from the pure lips of an earnest and innocent young woman. If the poor, old blind fiddler was not made to see with his natural eyes, the young man felt that his own spiritual blindness was helped if not healed.

Some of the young people who were to take part in an entertainment to be given the next afternoon, were still rehearsing in one end of the great hall, but made no noise that would interfere with the lesson Margaret had taken upon herself to teach.

She had already placed the blind man in the most comfortable chair near the fire, given the girl a place close to her own in another seat, opened her Bible and found the second chapter of Matthew, where she commenced to read and explain, when the young gentleman entered.

Margaret arose and bowed politely as James very modestly approached the group. She hesitated in her reading, and appeared slightly disturbed. Noticing her embarrassment, young Koberg asked if he should be in the way if he remained a few moments to get warm. "Not in the least, sir," replied Margaret, her serenity quite restored. "Help yourself to a seat, please, just where you like."

He sat down near enough to hear every word that would be uttered by the young teacher, and in a position where he could watch the changing expressions of her countenance, which he did with constantly deepening interest.

Whether the unexpected addition to her class awakened new animation and eagerness to teach well in the breast of the young woman or not, certain it was that she became very eloquent, and explained the mission and ministry of the Savior in a most clear and convincing manner, not only to the perfect satisfaction of her three earnest listeners, but also to their unexpressible delight.

To encourage the poor musicians, at one point Margaret laid great stress upon the love and charity which Jesus and His disciples showed for such persons as themselves. Turning to the epistle of James, she read from the second chapter, and explained how if a rich man, well dressed, should come into the church it was not right that he should be given a better place than the poor one in shabby clothes. The young man considered that the girl before him and her class, were at that moment illustrating the point she was trying to make. She was evidently not a teacher of things she could not put into practice. He felt his face flush, but not with indignation or disapproval. Perhaps she was unconscious of the strikingly suggestive figure which her class presented, he thought, but it struck him very forcibly; as did also many other points which she made in the indisputable and concise lesson given in so masterly a manner.

"We must not remain here too late," the young teacher observed, when she noticed that all the others had gone, and the janitor waited respectfully to lock the door when she and her new friends should also leave the building.

"Your name is?" she said to the German girl, as they all arose and moved toward the door.

"Katrina," was the reply. "And father is Dorff."

"Well, Dorff and Katrina, here is my address, call and see me," said Margaret handing Katrina a paper on which she had been writing as they walked down the aisle.

Katrina grasped the hand extended as

she took the paper, and kissed it several times as a token of gratitude. Dorff also reached for Margaret's hand and clasped it warmly, speaking his joyful thanks in German. While he was doing that, James Koberg seized the opportunity of slipping a handsome offering into Katrina's hand.

The girl opened her eyes wide in astonishment and delight with the pleasing and appropriate acclamation, "God is good and so are His children! Thanks, thanks!"

As Dorff loosened his hold upon Margaret's hand, James extended his to receive it.

"I wish to offer my thanks to you, also, young lady," he exclaimed heartily. "Words could not express nor wealth make payment for the good your lesson has done me. Please accept my warmest gratitude."

Margaret was much and strangely moved by this acknowledgment from the young man, but answered briefly, in a tone of pleased surprise as she turned quickly towards her present home.

They all took the same road, and as Margaret's home was soon reached, with the usual holiday wishes, she dropped out of the party and the others walked on.

Two hours after having parted with his uncle on the street James joined him again in his bank.

"Uncle," began the younger Koberg in a bright but earnest way, "I want to buy those notes of Mr. Landon's."

"You, James!" said the banker. "What do you want with Landon's notes?"

"I want to make a Christmas present of them to that poor, struggling old farmer," was the ready reply which came into the young man's mind. But he knew his uncle, and knew that an all night's argument would not convince him that such a proposition was the wisest and best to be thought of. So he simply answered that he had a little business speculation of his own on hand, to be explained later. That it was perfectly safe, and he wished to settle for the notes right then and take them with him. He introduced another

subject right then, too, which must also be explained later, and which developed into something so wonderful and so softening in its nature that Uncle Koberg would have let James do a much greater thing than buying a seven thousand dollar mortgage without questioning or arguing anything about it, so transported was he with the marvelous good fortune that came most suddenly upon him.

The next morning, as early as propriety would admit, James called at Mrs. Heather's and asked to see Miss Landon.

Margaret was surprised, but evidently not displeased with her unexpected Christmas visitor. James had to introduce himself, for she did not know his name. Then he said, "You invited your other new pupils to call on you, last evening, and although not so favored myself, I trust I shall be pardoned for taking the liberty."

Margaret, although slightly confused at this unexpected banter, replied with a sly twinkle in her smiling eyes,

"My pupils are always welcome visitors, and if in any way I can be of service to Mr. Koberg I shall be very happy; my father and myself have been treated with much consideration by your firm, and are accordingly grateful."

"I am pleased that you speak of our business relations, Miss Landon," said James. "There is a little matter in connection with the subject which makes it necessary for me to see your father. And my calling upon you now is for the purpose of inquiring the way from the station at Dwightville to your father's house."

"Oh, Mr. Koberg! are you really going to Dwightville?" exclaimed Margaret. And then a great lump arose in her throat with the thought that he could go to that dearest of all homes, but she could not. She tried to tell him to take the road leading south when he should reach the Dwightville station, but in spite of all her efforts to be calm her voice broke in a sob.

James was quick sighted, and guessing the

cause of the homesick girl's emotions, he said at once, "You had better come along with me, Miss Landon; I am dreadfully stupid at finding out places where I have never been, and should very much appreciate your help in the matter."

"Margaret's face brightened a little at the suggestion, but she shook her head, thinking of the cost of a ticket to Dwightville, and turned away.

"Now that I think of it," said Koberg, "it is quite necessary that you should go. You have some interest in the business, I believe; and I should see you and your father together in order to present my uncle's proposition, and arrange matters as he thinks best for them to stand from this on. Yes, you must go, if you will please, and it belongs to our firm to bear all the expense of the journey. I am on my way now, and only—"

"I can be ready in fifteen minutes!" was all Margaret waited to say, as she flitted away without asking to be excused. Not until they were comfortably seated in the car and moving rapidly toward Dwightville, did Margaret compose herself sufficiently to ask the nature of the change to be made in her father's accounts with the banker.

"Of course I take your father good news," said James. "My uncle is going to make very easy terms for him. Something has happened lately which seems to justify this move. Uncle Koberg is a peculiar man in many respects, but he is good hearted when you find out how to approach him. I think I must tell you now about those German friends you picked up last evening."

"Yes, do please," said Margaret, "if you learned anything more about them."

"I learned," James resumed, "after we left you, that to go to their home they would have to walk a long, lonely way in the storm. It was so late, and I felt so Christian like after the lesson you had taught us, that I persuaded Uncle Ko. to let them stay over night in our house. He and I have the home to ourselves. Now, the rest is so novel, so

wonderful that you will scarcely be able to believe my story if I finish it."

"Oh, I will believe it, don't dare to leave off now," said Margaret, laughing and shaking her finger at her companion. "Please be quick and let me hear it all."

"It is just like a romance, I can scarcely realize it yet myself," continued James. "That poor, blind, street musician, who calls himself Dorff, proved to be the brother of the wealthy banker, Koberg."

"No! impossible!" exclaimed Margaret.

"There! I said you would not"—began James.

"But I do believe you," interrupted Margaret. "I know that what you say is true. The blind man is your uncle then, and Katrina your cousin. How glad I am I lured them into that church last evening!"

"How glad I am you lured me in also!" said James, in a deep voice, which proved his sincerity. "By going in there I found, not only a very dear lost uncle and cousin for whom Uncle Ko has sought without finding any trace, for years and years; but I discovered also, at least in a small degree, my relationship to our Heavenly Father and His Son our Savior; and through them to humanity at large! Miss Landon, nothing that Uncle Koberg and I can ever do for you will half pay for what you have done for us. My visit to Dwightville today, is to present my uncle's compliments and the notes and mortgage he has held to—Mr. Landon—your father!"

Margaret did not reply at once; her agitation was too great. When she was able to speak, she would have questioned the propriety of such action as the Kobergs had decided to take, but James reminded her of her dear parents plodding along, scrimping and denying themselves, perhaps even the necessities of life. Again Margaret was silent for some time. Then she said,

"It is best, indeed, Mr. Koberg, that you were so considerate as to bring me along with you. It would not do to spring such a surprise on my father as you have done on

me. We will have to be very cautious in presenting this wonderful change of affairs to him. You see, he has borne such a weight of anxiety for such a length of time, a sudden relaxation might be very dangerous. In fact, it will be best not to give him those papers at present. We might lift a portion of the load off his mind by telling him no further interest will be expected."

"Shall you continue teaching at Clear Lake?" asked James.

"Oh, yes!" replied Margaret, "I have given my word to teach there for another year."

"All right then," said James. "Uncle Ko. is so taken up with his pretty, little Katrina, (you see he has no family of his own,) that he told me to find out at once what terms we could make with you as private instructor to her. We'll tell your folks that this is to be a wonderfully good position for you, and that likely by another year"—

"Ah! here we are at Dwightville!"

Oh, that happy Christmas in the dear,

dear home! James had never seen anything like it before, and how he did enjoy it!

The good news they brought, of course, made the visitors doubly welcome and the visit thrice blest.

Another year has passed quickly away. It is Christmas Eve once more, and Margaret Landon enters again the same old church. This time she is accompanied by a large assemblage of relatives and friends. She is still the center of attraction while the company witness the happy transformation of Miss Margaret Landon into Mrs. James Koberg.

Katrina is near by, and after kissing her "sweet teacher," as she loves to call Margaret, she reminds James and his bride of a year ago, by clasping her hands and saying again with the same soft accent,

"God is good and so are His children! Thanks, Thanks!"

L. L. G. R.



A MARVELOUS MANIFESTATION OF THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

THE language of the Quiche Indians seemed to me by far the most difficult tongue that I ever attempted to learn. There was nothing with which to correlate it. It seemed devoid of grammatical construction, and the guttural pronunciation was in marked contrast with the softer Castilian speech.

While we were in camp at Nogales in August, 1900, we were visited by President Joseph F. Smith, and in the course of his instructions he spoke about "the gift of tongues." He said that it was eminently right to seek this gift, not as a merely marvelous manifestation, but as an aid in understanding

the language of those among whom we traveled and as a means of preaching the Gospel to them. I believed this implicitly, and I prayed constantly that I might have such a gift, if the opportunity should ever come for me to use it in the manner above indicated. More than this I asked some of my friends at home, whom I knew were blessed with faith in our Father's promises, to pray to this same end in my behalf.

After I had traveled some days among the Quiches on my way to Flores I stopped one night last May at a little Indian village. None of the inhabitants knew any Spanish, and I knew only a few words of Quiche. I

was as much an object of curiosity to them as they were to me. In the evening a great throng gathered in the hut where I stopped. I was impressed that the time was ripe for me to preach the Gospel to them, but I could not do so; and then a feeling came over me such as I have experienced in administering to the sick. I remembered that I had prayed for this opportunity, and I had faith to believe that my prayers would be answered. I remembered, too, promises that had been made me in patriarchal blessings. So I went out alone and, kneeling down in the jungle, prayed that the Lord would bless me in this respect. I did not feel the slightest doubt as to the result.

When I returned to the hut I was not only able to understand all that was said, but I was able to speak to the entire understanding of all who heard me. It was one entire night of question and answer, and the people marveled far more than I at the manifestation that was taking place. On analysing my experience the next day I noted two strange facts. In the first place

I had no difficulty in expressing ideas or hunting for words; and, secondly, that which was said to me came as complete thoughts, and I was not put to the ordinary student habit of translating, mentally, a foreign tongue into the English idiom before I could grasp it. By what was said and the questions that were asked, I know that the Quiches have traditions that date from the visit of the Savior to this western continent, and that in the Book of Mormon they can recognize many important details bearing upon their own history. I furthermore believe that the time is not far distant when they will be ready to receive the Gospel in its fullness.

In giving this wonderful testimony to the Latter-day Saints I want to say that not alone to myself, but to President Cluff and to all of us the Lord gave many proofs of His goodness, and many no less convincing testimonies that He is able and willing to fulfill His promises to the very letter, if only we will seek in faith, nothing wavering.

W. M. W.



THE AMSTERDAM SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE occasion having been offered by the editors of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to present to its readers photographs of Latter-day Saint Sunday Schools in the mission fields abroad, we gladly take advantage of this opportunity to give a short sketch of one of the schools in the city of Amsterdam, Holland.

This Sunday School was organized on Sunday, June 24, 1888, in the meeting hall of the Saints, by Elder J. W. F. Volker of Ogden, at that time President of the Netherlands Mission. Previous to this time a

Sunday School class of eight or nine children had been meeting at the home of a Brother Brouwer, to whom is due the distinction of being the pioneer Latter-day Saint Sunday School worker of Amsterdam. As near as can be ascertained the school at the time of its organization consisted of four officers and thirteen pupils, the officers also acting as teachers. The names of the officers then appointed were: Asa W. Judd, superintendent, with Been Heertjes and Evert Neuteboom as assistants, and Brother Brouwer, secretary. This organization continued with

few changes for about two years, the missionaries laboring in Amsterdam being in charge until 1891, when an organization of the Sunday School was effected with local brethren as the superintendency and local members as teachers. Since that time the changes made have been due to officers and teachers being called to other positions in the branch, or to labor as missionaries in the field. Within the last five years five of the officers and members of this school have

In 1898 a cottage Sunday School under the direction of the superintendency of the Amsterdam school was commenced in another part of the city, conducted by missionaries laboring there. During this present year, however, the organization of this school has been made entirely separate, and the two schools are now distinguished as being of the first and second districts respectively, the first being the subject of our sketch.



THE AMSTERDAM SUNDAY SCHOOL.

been called directly to devote their entire time and energies to the preaching of the Gospel in the two nations comprising the Netherlands-Belgium Mission. The growth and development of the school has been continuous, and the constant endeavor has been to introduce all the improvements possible to bring it into harmony with the rules and suggestions of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board.

The present enrollment of this school including officers, teachers and pupils is 130. The present superintendency are all local brethren. The school is divided into four departments, with two sections or classes to each department, except the theological, which has but one, making seven classes in all. There are nine male and six female teachers devoted to the work of teaching and training these pupils, and their faithful

efforts are bearing good fruit. This school is the largest and one of the best in the Netherlands-Belgium Mission, and is worthy of being classed as nearly, if not quite, equal to many of the schools in Zion.

The accompanying photograph shows the members of the school in front of the hall in which the meetings are held.

Like their parents the children are religious, and from them they have inherited in a great degree the fear of the Lord and the desire to serve Him and keep His commandments. They are generally bright and intelligent, sometimes somewhat rough in their exterior, but simple, honest and sturdy in their natures as any of their worthy

ancestors. They have a great love of the Bible, and as they become acquainted with the Book of Mormon they have an eager and steadfast desire to learn well the important truths contained therein. As a result of their faith and their honest endeavors to live all the principles of the Gospel the Saints of this nationality enjoy rich blessings from the Lord. Thus their children generally make good advancement in a knowledge of and obedience to the principles of the everlasting covenant in their youth, and are thereby fitted for faithful labors later in the interests of the Kingdom.

S. F. Taylor.



THE IMPORTANCE OF FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

I HAVE thought all my life that to enter upon the duties and labors of the day without first asking the guidance and direction of my Creator was like going to battle with the sword without armor or shield. We little realize at times how far-reaching our example may be or how many lives may be affected by some simple habit of obedience on our part. Not long since I had the pleasure of being the guest of a stake president who carries out strictly, according to my views, the proper form of devotion in his family. All of the inmates of the home arose early and prepared themselves for family devotional exercises at a certain hour. First a hymn was sung to the accompaniment of an organ played by one of the daughters of the home. All of the members of the family and the guests who were present took part in this song of praise to our Heavenly Father. Then a chapter was read from the Book of Mormon. This done, all knelt to ask the Lord for His blessings and guidance through the coming day. I learned that this was the regular order of family

worship in that home and that each member of the household took his or her part in reading from the holy Scriptures and being mouth in prayer. I noticed that the members of that household seemed to be blessed with a good spirit; that they were naturally obedient to the principles of the Gospel, and that the sons and daughters had proper reverence for, and showed strict obedience to, their parents. This made a very deep impression upon my mind, not because I had never been used to any such thing in my home, but because it seemed such a rare thing to find proper family devotion in the homes of the Latter-day Saints.

I am indebted for my belief in the efficacy or power of prayer to the fact that I was taught to pray at my mother's knee and that my parents were strict in remembering the Lord night and morning in our home. My visit to the home mentioned brought clearly to my mind the necessity for all Latter day Saints to be prayerful and to carry out a proper form of family devotion.

Since my visit to that home, I have spoken

upon this subject in a number of the stakes of Zion and also referred to it at our general conference. As a result of the impressions which I received in the home of that stake president, to my knowledge several hundred of my brethren in the different stakes of Zion are striving to imitate the example which I have referred to, in their homes. I have this firm belief, that where young Latter-day Saints, at the beginning of their married life, form the habit of remembering the Lord each night and morning, engaging in song and prayer and in reading the word of God as I have here outlined, they will be the instruments in the hands of the Almighty of producing a generation that will never disgrace their parents nor become the enemies of truth and righteousness, but will be found among those who are valiant for the testimony of Jesus and among those who are to be depended upon to fulfil every obligation which the Lord places upon them.

Some will probably plead that they have not time to thus serve the Lord, although it need not occupy more than half an hour each morning or each evening, and it is my firm belief that by thus serving the Lord, our lives and acts are influenced and made better day by day. Most men and most women are so busy that unless they make up their minds to learn something of the Gospel each day in their homes, (as I have suggested, in their family devotional exercises), few of them will ever find time to open the lids of the holy Scriptures and receive instructions and inspiration from the written word of God.

Many years ago, when times were troublous in Zion, a revelation was given to President John Taylor to the effect that each Elder in Israel who stood at the head of a household, was required to set his house in order. If each head of a family throughout the Church would observe this example of family devotion, which I hereby suggest to them, there would be no need of special missionaries being sent to labor in the various stakes of Zion, for faith would be inspired in the hearts of the inmates of every home. As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined, and if parents will take the interest which they should in teaching their offspring to be prayerful, they would be spared much of the sorrow and distress which are so many times caused through the transgression of sons and daughters. What a blessed thing it would be if we could so live that in case any of our sons or daughters became rebellious or possessed no faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, they could point to no inconsistency in our lives as an excuse for their transgression. It is impossible for men and women to entirely rid themselves of the effects of their early training. It is the small daily habits which affect our lives the most. We grow from day to day in faith and confidence in the Lord and His work through faithfulness in attending to the little duties which devolve upon us, and by neglecting these duties, which we oftentimes consider trivial and unimportant, we drift unconsciously away from the goal we have set out to reach.

A. O. Woodruff.



REMINISCENT.

IT is fifty years since the writer first became acquainted with «Mormonism,» that wonderful phenomenon of these latter days. At that time Apostle Orson Pratt

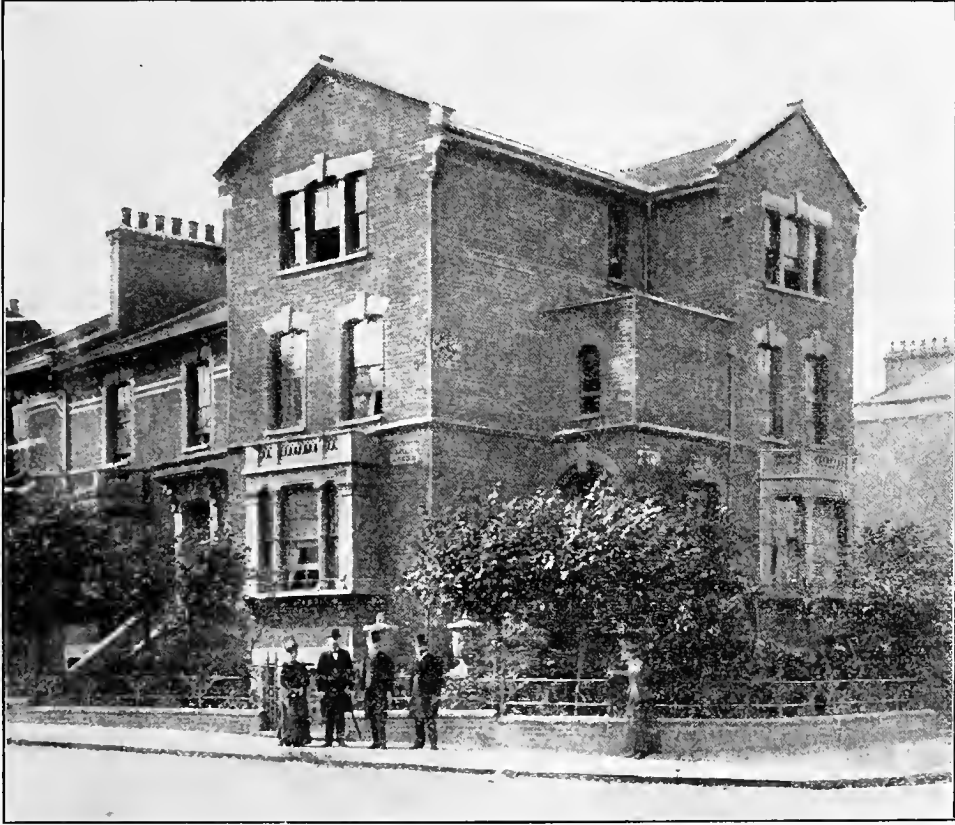
was its leading exponent in England and the first one heard. Sceptical from research as to all sectarianism, a vegetarian by practice, and a religious observer by nature and train-

ing, there were many things in the new doctrine, spite of its American origin, to arrest attention, and as it required little effort an acquaintance was soon formed with the apostolic leader, his wife, and the lately deceased Marian Ross Pratt, then domiciled at the very modest headquarters of the strange work at 15 Wilton Street, Liverpool.

Controversy ran on parallel lines with ob-

from the press *ad libitum*. Sunday worship was apparently none the less earnest or godly because each meeting room had its book stall, which was somewhat of an innovation from the sectarian standpoint at least.

Missionary activity for the numbers engaged therein was also very marked. Apostle Erastus Snow, with his associates, was in Denmark; Apostle Lorenzo Snow, with his



THE LONDON CONFERENCE HOUSE.

servation, and acquaintances multiplied under the then existing circumstances. Literature for and against, was eagerly scanned, the latter it must be confessed with more avidity than the former; for the popularity of Mormonism was no more general then than at the present. However this period was surely the heyday of mental and ministerial activity in the British conferences, and tracts poured

aids, was in Italy, and Apostle John Taylor was in France. During the year of the first unique international exhibition in London, (1851) the great metropolis was supplied with a Mormon bookstand at 35 Jewin Street which seemed to be in the very heart of the publishing world. In the spring of that year there were reported 52 branches and 2990 members in the London conference, un-

der the presidency of Elder Thomas Mar-
getts.

The *Millennial Star* had been published in Liverpool as a semi-monthly, at two and a half pence per copy, but in consideration of the fact that there was a reported membership of over thirty-two thousand in England, it was suggested by Apostle Pratt that this valuable periodical should be reduced to one penny and be published weekly. This was subsequently and successfully carried out by Apostle F. D. Richards in 1852. Under the same administration a year earlier the ninth edition of the hymn book (25,000) was also issued; we may not wonder then that Elder Eli B. Kelsey's order for the prospective London Office, ran as follows:

- 600 Books of Mormon.
- 600 Doctrine and Covenants.
- 600 Hymn Books.
- 10,000 Kingdom of God, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
- 24,000 Divine Authenticity, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
- 4,000 Divine Authority.
- 4,000 Remarkable Visions.
- 1,500 New Jerusalem.
- 3,000 Great First Cause.
- 1,000 Gibson's Discussion.
- 800 Taylor's Discussion.
- 500 Absurdities of Immaterialism.
- 500 Reply to Remarks on Mormonism.
- 25 volumes *Millennial Star*.
- 24 volumes *Times and Seasons*.

Wales also was prolific during the same period, and missionaries went to Australia, the Society and the Hawaiian islands, to India and elsewhere.

Surely «there were giants in the earth in those days,» but the very memory thereof is almost «as a dream of the night.» The inauguration of the Perpetual Emigration Fund, accentuated the spirit of gathering, the call for tithing and temple donations operated in the same direction, as if «the set time to favor Zion had come.»

It was during those stirring times that our

association began with the Church, meeting often all the above named Apostles, also Elders Daniel and Orson Spencer, Levi Richards, Samuel W. Richards (who shipped over 14,000 souls during his presidency) and many of the «valley Elders» who are no more. Also local Liverpool brethren of the faithful, such as the now President John R. Winder, Elders A. F. Macdonald, William Paul, Brother Brockbank, Thomas Wilson, Brother and Sister Perkes, with others who afterwards made shipwreck of their faith. The Liverpool Branch met (at the time of our conversion) in the Philharmonic Hall, and numbered nearly six hundred souls. These were youthful, joyous, progressive, wonderful days, until in 1854 many of the pleasant associations formed in the Church in that city, in Shrewsbury and elsewhere were severed by the gathering spirit and an eventful trip to the land of Zion. Brother Winder who had been secretary of the conference for some years had, with others, sailed in 1853, and many more, including the narrator, in 1854. The emigration for a few years somewhat decimated the British mission, and probably the revelation on plural marriage had its influence in the prevention of converts, for a season at least, among the conservative religiously disposed classes of England. Be this as it may, personal experience was hardly in touch with conditions 6000 miles away and at that time a usual six months trip to the objective point at Great Salt Lake City.

That remarkable and continuous gathering, reaching from Great Britain to other mission fields, made Utah, and was a preparation for the present status of the Church and people; but we are prepared to say that had gathering been omitted from the program appointed for this dispensation, the Church would today have been one of the largest, most wealthy and influential among the so-called Christian churches of Great Britain. Subsequent visits to that land have confirmed that idea; religious controversy would have

been essentially narrowed and changed. As it is, the people of God are «as a city set on a hill,» the «little one has become a thousand and the small one a great nation.»

After twenty-three years of diversified labor in Utah the writer was called to take part in the *Star* office under Apostle Carrington at 42 (originally 36) Islington, Liverpool. Two years' service there broadened experience in a new field. The President

Touring among the British conferences was a perpetual feast. While the Saints only number about 5,000, and over fifty conferences have dwindled to fourteen, there is yet a fine field for consecrated work. All the Elders want if possible to see London, as the metropolis of the world, and not a few enquire as to Jewin Street, the North London, Lambeth, Whitechapel and other branches and localities which made up the seventy branches



MISSIONARY VISITORS IN LONDON.

was succeeded by Apostle, now President Joseph F. Smith, and as he returned on the death of President Young, along with Brother C. W. Nibley, the mission was conjointly supervised until President William Budge and Elder John Nicholson arrived over a year later and gave release.

Twenty years after this the privilege was renewed of returning to the sacred places and the associations of memory connected with famous «42.»

of that conference in the early fifties. But «the glory has long since faded,» although 36 Penton Street is almost as well known in the Mormon missionary field as is 42 Islington, Liverpool, England.

With the advent of the younger element of this class there has been quite a desire to supplant many of the old locations long used for preaching rooms or conference centers, by others less objectionable to some and more in harmony with the present status of

Mormonism as a recognized mental and spiritual force on the earth. Notable among such changes were those of Birmingham and London. The old neighborhoods in the course of years had materially changed; they had also been well warned, until the Gospel message had become "as the idle wind." The former place, owned by the branch for fifty years, is now rented and the proceeds are applied to renting quite a fine chapel, first occupied under the administration of President Joseph H. Frisby, later by President J. J. Daynes and the brethren associated with him. No. 36 Penton street was abandoned as a result, in great part, of President John R. Hindley's effort. The change was long deferred because of the circumlocution attending property transfers in England, but the new conference house was finally occupied and dedicated after the conference of October 7, 1900.

The Elders and Saints were invited to meet at 97 Farleigh Road, Stoke Newington, on Tuesday, October 9th, at 10 a. m., for the dedicatory services and a well filled house was the result. President Hindley was in charge. "This House we Dedicate to Thee," was sung, President James L. McMurrin prayed. After opening remarks and reports President Platte D. Lyman spoke at length and Elder H. W. Naisbett offered the dedicatory prayer, then Brother McMurrin spoke. The delighted Saints and visitors had a fine lunch, and then two groups were taken and the house photographed by Elder McDermot of San Juan County, Utah. Copies of the house and the visiting missionaries are herewith presented.

This being the first investment in Europe by the Presidency at home, of itself was

quite an interesting item. The house had of course to be thoroughly repaired and furnished, which was done with a heartiness that was inspiring in every way. The sum lacking was furnished by Sister Inez Knight and her brother Raymond, at an almost nominal interest, while Sister McCune, Colonel Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Thomas, of Salt Lake and others were liberal in donations. Hon. Frank J. Cannon was the prime furnisher; Elder Orson Day, missionary from Kaysville, supplied the piano; Z. C. M. I., furnished a fine range and fittings which were shipped from the East; and the London Conference house inmates and visitors felt as if a special dispensation of Providence had surely come upon them. The house and furnishings cost over seven hundred pounds, on a sixty-five years' lease, taxes to be paid in the season thereof. There are nice grounds attached and the building is on a fine, conspicuous corner. Ten rooms are available. Sunday School and evening meetings are held there, and when a few more liberal donors remove the last indebtedness, only taxes and repairs will rest upon the conference for many, many years, and no doubt quite as much Church history will be recorded each coming decade as in the decades past since "Jewin Street," "Balls Pond Road" and "Penton Street" became known around the earth. If the old stately number of members and branches are never known again, in this marvellous center of human life, that there will always be a few to testify of God and Christ, of the Gospel and its blessings, of Joseph Smith, his successors, and the great Latter-day work, is the faith of all Israel, particularly of the workers for the kingdom of God.

N.



OBEDIENCE.

TO obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." (I Samuel xv: 22). In an age of the world when independence is the proud boast of the nations, obedience is, by mistaken ideas of freedom, considered a mark of humiliation. In reality it is an indication of moral courage, union and power. This is not said with reference to blind obedience, but of that type which characterized the ancient Seers and Saints, who, like the Messiah, were ready to say by word and deed, "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of my Father who sent me."

The Latter-day Saints are credited with being obedient and submissive to authority, this fact being often used by their opponents as a stigma. Those opponents forget that God requires obedience, and that the best embodiment of this principle, the most humble and yielding to the Divine will, was the best and purest Being that ever dwelt in mortality, the Lord Jesus Christ; He in whose mouth there was found no guile, who was perfect and without blemish in all the walks of life. While He was obedient to His Father's will, and humble to the extreme, He was independent of the influence and persuasions of wicked men.

The status of the Latter-day Saints is conformable to His example. They are obedient to conscience, to convictions of right, to divine authority, and to God, in whom they trust. While thus submissive, their persecutors have found them equally oblivious to the behests of wicked men, whether high or low. Men in the factories of the old world, working side by side at the weavers' looms, in the coal pits or elsewhere, in plying their various vocations of life—in this condition the Gospel preached by the Elders of Israel has found them. Alike, many of them have received convictions of the truth. Some have declared: "This is the truth; I must obey it or stand condemned." Others have said: "It is

true, but if I obey it I shall be ostracized, perhaps lose my employment and be an outcast from my father's house. Better that I reject the truth and live in peace, than take upon me this cross of obedience to unpopular truth."

The first class named obey the Gospel, suffer persecution, prove themselves men, and will reap eternal life. The others are slaves to their own fear of popular clamor and to the unseen powers of darkness, which lead them to reject the plan of salvation. Of the first named are the Latter-day Saints; a host of men and women who have left home, kindred and country for the Gospel's sake. They have endured persecution even unto death, privation and suffering in every form; have redeemed a desert and built up a commonwealth so fruitful with education, thrift and enterprise, that any nation beneath the sun might well be proud of them. Obedience and moral courage they bequeath to their posterity as a legacy better than diamonds or the honor and praise of a fallen world. They look back to their associates in early manhood, who, for fear, rejected the truth, and find them, whether living or dead, in most cases unhonored and unknown.

The obedience rendered by Latter day Saints to the authority of the Priesthood is not secured by virtue of any solemn obligation entered into by the adherent to obey the dictum of his superiors in office; but upon the nature of the Gospel, which guarantees to every adherent the companionship of the Holy Spirit, and this spirit secures to every faithful individual a living testimony concerning the truth or falsity of every proposition presented for his consideration. By the Spirit are we baptized into one body; and "by one spirit have we access unto the Father." (Eph. ii). So that as all men and women who embrace the Gospel are entitled to an individual testimony of the truth, so the same Spirit guides into all truth, reveals the

things of the Father, and imparts that inspiration essential to preserve mankind from blind obedience to erroneous principles and false guides.

The statement of the Savior, as recorded in St. John vii: 17, covers the ground in the broadest light: "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself." This secures to every true Saint, if he is faithful, protection against imposture, the abuse of power, and the false decisions of man-made councils. In this particular the Church of Christ is distinguished from all other systems and institutions. He has promised to guide and direct, and that He doeth nothing but He revealeth His secrets unto His servants, the Prophets. (Amos iii: 7). This does not imply the infallibility of man, but it does imply the promise that no man or council of men that stands at the head of the Church shall have power to lead the Saints astray. With this assurance, then, the people of God in every dispensation have been justified in rendering absolute, yet intelligent obedience, to the direction of the holy Prophets. It is an undeniable fact in the history of the Saints that obedience to whatever united counsel has come, either by written document or verbally from the Presidency of the Church, has been attended with good results. On the other hand, whosoever has opposed such counsel, without repentance, has been followed with evidence of condemnation. Even applying this principle to the organizations of a civil and business character, confusion and weakness result from men refusing their support to the decision of the presiding authority, or of the majority, where the action is left to popular vote. Carlyle, the great English writer, said: "All great minds are respectfully obedient to all that is over them. Only small souls are otherwise."

The obedience rendered to God is based upon a conviction that He is perfect in all His ways, possessing the attributes of justice, judgment, knowledge, power, mercy and

truth in all their fullness. Obedience to His appointed authority upon the earth is obedience to Him, and is so taught by the Savior, "He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth Him that sent me." (Matthew x: 40.) "He that heareth you heareth me; and he that despiseth you despiseth me; and he that despiseth me despiseth Him that sent me." (Luke x: 16.) "Verily I say unto you, he that receiveth whomsoever I send receiveth me; and he that receiveth me, receiveth Him that sent me." (John xiii: 20.)

It is not the attractive qualities of the individual, however great, which render submission to his administrations valid, but the authority of God which he bears. The acts of Philip, Stephen, Paul, or James were just as valid and binding as those of the Messiah Himself, when performed by His authority and in His name. To reject the personal teachings and offices of the Savior could bring no greater condemnation than to reject the teachings of any man sent of God, bearing authority and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit to speak and act in His name. This great truth was told by the Savior on more than one occasion, but perhaps no more forcibly or in more beautiful terms than expressed in the following: "When the Son of man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory; and before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. And He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came to me. Then shall the righteous answer Him, saying: Lord

when saw we Thee an hungered and fed Thee? or thirsty and gave Thee drink? When saw we Thee a stranger and took Thee in? or naked and clothed Thee? or when saw we Thee sick, or in prison, and come unto Thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.» When He told the wicked that they had failed to thus administer unto Him, they began to plead that they had not seen Him sick, in prison, hungry, naked or athirst. He answered them, «Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me.» (Matthew xxv: 31-45.)

It is not the individuality of the person which calls for respect and consideration. It is the principle involved. God has placed His authority upon humble men. Through their administrations only can be secured the benefits and blessings which follow obedience to the ordinances of the Gospel. Implicit obedience must be rendered. The mandates of Jehovah are imperative. No substitute will do. The blessings are offered to all upon condition. The condition is obedience complete to the plan, as God has established it.

Saul was commanded to destroy Agag and all his hosts, man and beast. He kept the best of the flock, for, he said, a sacrifice. But God had ordered otherwise, and Saul's disobedience caused him to lose the kingdom, and shut him out from the revelations which came by dream, vision, and Urim and Thummim. «Thou shalt not steady the ark,» and they who disobeyed were smitten of the Lord. Israel by disobedience lost the guidance of the Almighty, went into spiritual darkness, and has been scattered to the four

quarters of the earth, «a hiss and a proverb in the mouths of all nations.»

Obedience is essential to salvation, essential to success in every avenue of human enterprise, whether rendered to the laws of God direct, in their moral and spiritual phases, or to His authority vested in man. Obedience must be implicit. The haughty man boasts of independence. He scorns the humble followers of the Lord. But while he prates of freedom, he is himself slavishly obedient to his own whims and mistaken ideas, or to the spirit of evil; to popular sentiment, or other influences, always dangerous to the welfare of mankind.

The Saints have been accused of being priest-ridden and fearful of using their own judgment. What do the facts show? They are only asked to do right, live pure lives, do good to all men, evil to none, respect the order of God's kingdom, that salvation may come to them and be extended to all the world. Their obedience has made them the best and purest body of people on earth. What of the character of those who have derided them? They are slaves to a shallow and excited sentiment, or to wickedness and vice; obedient to their own lusts and wicked ways. Compared with those they misrepresent, they are below them in almost every trait which characterizes noble manhood. By obedience to God and His Priesthood the Saints in this age have come off triumphant over obstacles within and foes without. By obedience to God and His commands they will continue the blessed and favored of the Lord for ever. Truly they have proved the words of Samuel to Saul to be verily true: «To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.»

M. F. Cowley.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DECEMBER 15, 1901.

OFFICERS OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION:

Joseph F. Smith, General Superintendent.
George Reynolds, First Asst. General Superintendent
J. M. Tanner, Second Asst. General Superintendent

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD:

Joseph F. Smith	James W. Ure
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George D. Pyper, - - -	General Secretary
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JOSEPH F. SMITH, EDITOR JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR
GEORGE REYNOLDS, } ASSISTANT EDITORS
J. M. TANNER, }
GEORGE D. PYPER, - - - BUSINESS MANAGER

AN IMPORTANT MOVE.

THE following motion was put and unanimously carried by the Sunday School Union Board, Thursday, October 24, 1901:

That a committee of three be appointed by this Board to prepare a plan or course of study for the kindergarten and infant departments, also a three years' plan or course of study, (the general features of which are outlined in the Sunday School Treatise) for the primary, first intermediate, second intermediate, junior theological and theological departments of our Sunday Schools, for use in every stake of Zion, with the authority to call to their assistance and appoint such sub-committees as they may need in the prosecution of their work, and to submit their plan or course of studies to the Board when completed.

This motion in a large measure explains itself. Happily it was unanimously adopted and the unanimity of the Board, after prolonged discussions, shows that its members feel the necessity of bringing the work of the Sabbath School within a definite range,

and of indicating to the officers and teachers generally by systematic plans the best means of developing the subjects treated in the Sabbath School courses. The conclusions embodied in the motion are the result of extended observations covering nearly all the Sunday Schools of the Church.

It is not the intention to strike off something hastily nor to urge upon the Sunday Schools the views of one or two active workers, but patiently to work out after months of deliberation, and with the aid of a number of the foremost Sunday School teachers, a plan of work that may serve as a guide in the Union for years to come. It is expected that the committee will call to their aid from different parts of the State men of wide experience and of years standing in the teacher's profession, and it is to be hoped that a generous response will be made to aid the committee in its undertaking.

When a plan has finally been acted upon and submitted to the next Sunday School Convention, which it is thought may be held some time in November of 1902, the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, the organ of the Union, can then become more helpful to the teachers by discussing subjects in advance of their presentation to the classes; and in the course of time the whole range of lessons can be covered by prominent writers in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

It is not to be understood by this that the teacher shall be governed in his class work by limitations put upon him by others. The greatest latitude will be given for teachers to show their individuality and personal research into their work. What the discussions in the JUVENILE respecting the work of the Sunday School can accomplish is to raise the general standard to a much higher plane, but of course always leave room above and beyond for the teacher's individual effort.

This movement should not interfere with any steps taken to arrange a plan for 1902, as it is quite unlikely that the plans can be prepared, submitted and printed for use in the Sunday Schools before January 1, 1903.

Pursuant to the above motion Assistant Superintendent J. M. Tanner and Elders L. John Nuttall and Henry Peterson were appointed said committee.



TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

In many of the Sunday Schools of the Church a most helpful practice of holding weekly teachers' meetings prevails. Perhaps there is no more certain indication of progress to be observed in the Sunday Schools than these gatherings. It is the teachers' meeting more than anything else that solves the question of "How shall we induce the students in the Sunday Schools to prepare their lessons?" The solution of that question is dependent upon and follows the solution of the other important question "How shall we induce teachers to prepare their lessons?" There has been within the last three or four years a strongly increasing tendency to hold regular teachers' meetings once a week for the preparation of the work of the Sunday School. Wherever this practice prevails the Sunday Schools reach the highest order of efficiency.

In Great Britain these meetings are called "preparation classes" the purpose there as here being the preparation of the teachers for the work of the following Sunday. There are special reasons why such meetings promote the welfare of the school. In a large measure a uniform standard of work is thereby created, in that the best teachers are always helpful to the poorer ones. Who, in visiting many of the Sunday Schools of the Church, has not noticed the great difference to be found in the qualification of the teachers within the same school? The very best and the very worst are associated together, and the teachers themselves are

not often conscious of the difference that exists between them. Again, these meetings create feelings of unity and beget a common spirit, and develop that brotherly interest that gives spiritual life to the school.

"Can two walk together except they be agreed?" says the prophet Amos, (Chapter 3, verse 3). Then again, it is through such meetings that the superintendent can best see and understand the teachers; can best know what they need; can best correct their faults and offer helpful suggestions. These suggestions can be given to a body in meetings of this character that a superintendent could not give without offense to an individual teacher. Says an old adage—"As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of a friend." Then again—"Two eyes can see more than one;" and lastly—"How can one be warm alone?" This last saying represents the value of the fraternal spirit which the teachers' meeting alone can give.

Without the teachers' meeting the Sunday School after all is an aggregation of schools rather than one school. There is a lack of unity, there is often no oneness of purpose, there is little sympathy and sometimes the social spirit of the Sabbath School is painfully cold. Who that has stayed at the door of the schoolroom and beheld the teachers enter one by one and noticed the formal nod between them when their eyes chanced to meet, that has not felt the want of unity, and the unsympathetic relations that exist among them. We are now learning from certain schools what can be actually accomplished; a standard has been reached which a few years ago it was thought impossible to attain, and this has been largely the result of these gatherings. And these teachers' meetings have often been supplemented by class meetings in which teachers and their students have met in fraternal relations and come into the closest and most sympathetic touch with one

another. The admonition of the Apostle found in Hebrews 10: 24 is worth repeating—"And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works;

not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some; but counseling one another: and so much the more, as I see the day approaching."



TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE REDEMPTION OF PALESTINE.

WHATEVER gives promise of the development and restoration of the Holy Land is always a source of great interest to the Latter-day Saints. The sympathetic interest which they have in the destiny of the Jewish race leads the Saints to rejoice in whatever points to the rehabilitation of the country and people once so favored of Jehovah. Some few years ago a railroad was constructed from the seaport town of Jaffa across the plains of Sharon and through the mountains of Judea to Jerusalem. This was a wonderful innovation. It really marked the beginning of a new era in that land.

The real great obstacle in the way of advancement is the excessive difficulty with which the government at Constantinople can be persuaded to grant the least concession. Negotiations with the Turkish government are so slow and devious that human patience is quite exhausted before anything can be accomplished. Lately, however, some new developments give promise of improvements in the Holy Land. Concessions have been obtained to build a wagon road from Jerusalem to Nablous, the ancient Shechem, a distance of thirty-eight and a half miles. Nine miles of the road have already been built to Bireh. Except in the plains or along the seashore, where the surface is so level as to permit travel in any direction, there are all told, not more than one hundred miles of wagon road in all Palestine. The merchandise is trans-

ported on mules and camels, chiefly the latter. There is a wagon road from Jerusalem to Jericho, from Jerusalem to Hebron, and from Jerusalem to Jaffa. At present a German company has some small steamers running on the Dead Sea.

Perhaps the most encouraging recent discoveries are the mineral deposits of phosphates found on both sides of the River Jordan. At present almost all the world's supply of phosphates comes from Florida. If we can believe the reports that reach us from Jerusalem the phosphate industry promises to be a substantial aid in the material growth of Palestine. The waters of the Dead Sea contain fully as much salt as those of our own lake, and it would be surprising if the salt industry is not developed along the shores of the Dead Sea. In addition to this, it is said that some of the bituminous chalk springs contain in their flow from thirty to forty per cent of asphalt.

In the way, as stated, of Palestine's growth is the persistent refusal on the part of the Turkish government to permit the Europeans to develop the resources of the country. Nevertheless the Turks are constantly compelled to make concessions, and little by little Palestine is yielding to the commercial spirit of the age, and it would not be surprising if in the future Europeans generally would find themselves compelled to interfere in the interest of capital, just as France is interfering today.

No people, however, are better qualified by training or nature to deal with Turkish de-

lays, insincerities and evasive diplomacy than the Jews. They seem to be the only ones that can endure such a policy. Europeans have made in the past numerous attempts to avail themselves of the promising resources of the country, but have given up all hope, after exhausting every means within their

control, in a vain attempt to conquer the difficulties. The Jews live on, and in the end they will win and fulfill the prophetic future which the Scriptures relate of them. It may be, after all, Turkish obstacles are the very means that will make the country exclusively Jewish.



PILGRIMS AND PILGRIMAGES.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 712.)

WE returned to Cairo and took the train for Alexandria, traveling about two hundred miles through the delta of the Nile, one of the most fertile regions in the world, and where the line between extreme fertility and absolute desert is only a few rods away.

Irrigated land, wherever found, sustains a large farming population, and the lovely appearance of such lands compared with others,

mark sharply the distinction between irrigation and the lack of irrigation. In Utah, in Southern California, on the Orontes river in Syria, around Damascus, in Lombardy (that garden spot of Europe) and in the land on the River Nile, there ought to be a lesson taught, even to the casual observer, of the great benefits to be derived from irrigation.

The farming land in Egypt at the time of the Pharaohs was far greater in extent than



EGYPT.

at present, and the destruction of irrigation reservoirs and canals over three thousand years ago was not attempted to be remedied until the last few years, since the country has come under English rule. A vast system of irrigation work is now nearly completed that will bring back land that has been a desert for over thirty centuries, into fertility again. At Assuan some five hundred and eighty miles above Cairo on the River Nile a dam has been built ninety feet high and a mile and a half long, backing up the water one hundred and forty miles. To build this dam, it was necessary to turn the channel of the Nile, one of the largest rivers in the world, so that the foundations of the piers could be laid. The magnitude of a work of this kind can hardly be realized.

Alexandria is a city which after many changes of fortune is now making rapid progress. It has many beautiful, well laid out streets, fine hotels, good stores, well patronized electric street cars, electric lights, good docks and many evidences of western civilization. It has a large European population, principally of Italians, and their language seems to be spoken nearly as much as Arabic. We give a little history of this city:

Alexandria was founded by Alexander the Great, three hundred and thirty two years before Christ. It prospered greatly and had a very large Jewish population. It was the birth place of Apollōs, that eloquent man, mighty in the Scriptures, mentioned in Acts 18:24, and here also St. Mark preached. During the Roman times it was the next city in importance to Rome itself, and though it declined in greatness, it was still a very great city at the time it was conquered by the successors of Mahomet, and its library was renowned over the world. This library was destroyed by orders of the Calif Omar who said that if the books contained the same doctrines as the Koran, they were unnecessary, and if they contained doctrines contrary to the Koran they were detrimental, and in either case they should be burnt. After the Arab conquest

Alexandria declined in importance, until the past century, during which it has progressed from a small poverty-stricken town, to the principal city of the eastern Mediterranean. Egypt is under English control, but about the only noticeable evidences of their rule, are a few English soldiers here and at Cairo.

From Alexandria we took ship for Piræus the port of Athens. The ship was a Russian one, and we thought we were no longer traveling with pilgrims. But on going aboard we found that a large number of the first class passengers were well to do people who after spending the winter in Egypt were going to Rome to see the ceremonies that take place during the Roman Catholic Easter. Some of them were going as a religious duty, but many others were just going to see the sights.

We reached Athens after a voyage of two days and nights, and were again in Europe. Athens, the capital of Greece, which in ancient times reached the highest pinnacle in regard to nearly all the arts, and whose ruins our architects, sculptors and kindred artists study as being nearer perfection than any works of the kind executed since, was in the year 1834 an insignificant village, but is now a well laid out city with a population of 150,000 people, and in which there are many fine buildings. Most of the Greeks of Athens dress in the European fashion, but some of the country people still wear the national costume with blue pants and bare knees; while others use the Albanian dress, the men wearing a short, full pleated white skirt, something like a ballet-dancer's dress, and having red shoes about five inches longer than necessary and turned up at the ends like the prow of a boat.

Here at Athens St. Paul preached; here his spirit was stirred when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry; and here on the philosophers saying «He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods» because he preached Jesus and the resurrection, he told them that



GREEKS IN NATIONAL COSTUME.

the unknown God they so ignorantly worshiped he was declaring unto them.

We visited the Acropolis, the hill in the centre of Athens, containing the ruins of so many temples. These are perhaps the most beautiful ruins in the world, if the admiration of their beauty excites us as it does in their present condition, we ask ourselves how beautiful they must have been, before

they were wrecked as they are.

The view from this rocky hill is grand, and the component parts of city, mountain, and sea add to the attraction, and make the view one that will be long remembered.

Many are the ruins of temples that existed in the ancient city and neighborhood, and which were erected to the worship of the different gods of Greek mythology.

Leaving Athens, taking the railroad across Greece, we pass Corinth, to whose inhabitants Paul wrote two epistles, and where, close to the city, during late years, a canal has been cut through the isthmus, so that ships are saved a long journey around the coast of Greece.

As we travel, we go through a country of vineyards, this being the country from which our store currants come, the currant being a small grape. We leave the railroad at Patras and take ship again, this time for Brindisi in Italy, it taking two nights and a day to make the trip. This was only a small ship, but we found passengers going to Rome for the Easter ceremonies, and among them some Americans.

Landing at Brindisi, on the east coast of Italy, we at once take the railroad for Naples, on the west coast of that peninsula, crossing the Apennine mountains, and shortly before arriving at Naples, we see the volcano Vesuvius belching forth its smoke.

The situation of the city of Naples is beautiful, and the country around it is cultivated like a garden. The people do not impress me favorably, as there seems to be more people here, who look dirty and who lie around sunning themselves on the sidewalks, than in any city I have ever seen. There are also more people with grey hair than I have seen elsewhere. It is a large city having a population of half a million.

Seventeen miles from Naples was the ancient Roman town of Pompeii, which in the year A.D. 79 was buried by the ashes and pumice stone thrown from Mount Vesuvius at that time by an eruption. Excavations have been made and the houses uncovered, so that you can see the style of buildings, furniture, mode of living, and manner of dress that existed among the Romans over eighteen hundred years ago. I did not have the privilege of seeing Pompeii having been laid up with an attack of malaria while staying at Naples.

Leaving Naples we took the train for Rome,

the capital of Italy, and at one time the greatest city in the world. On the train we had for companions people going to Rome to spend Easter, this time they were Germans who had been in Sicily during the winter.

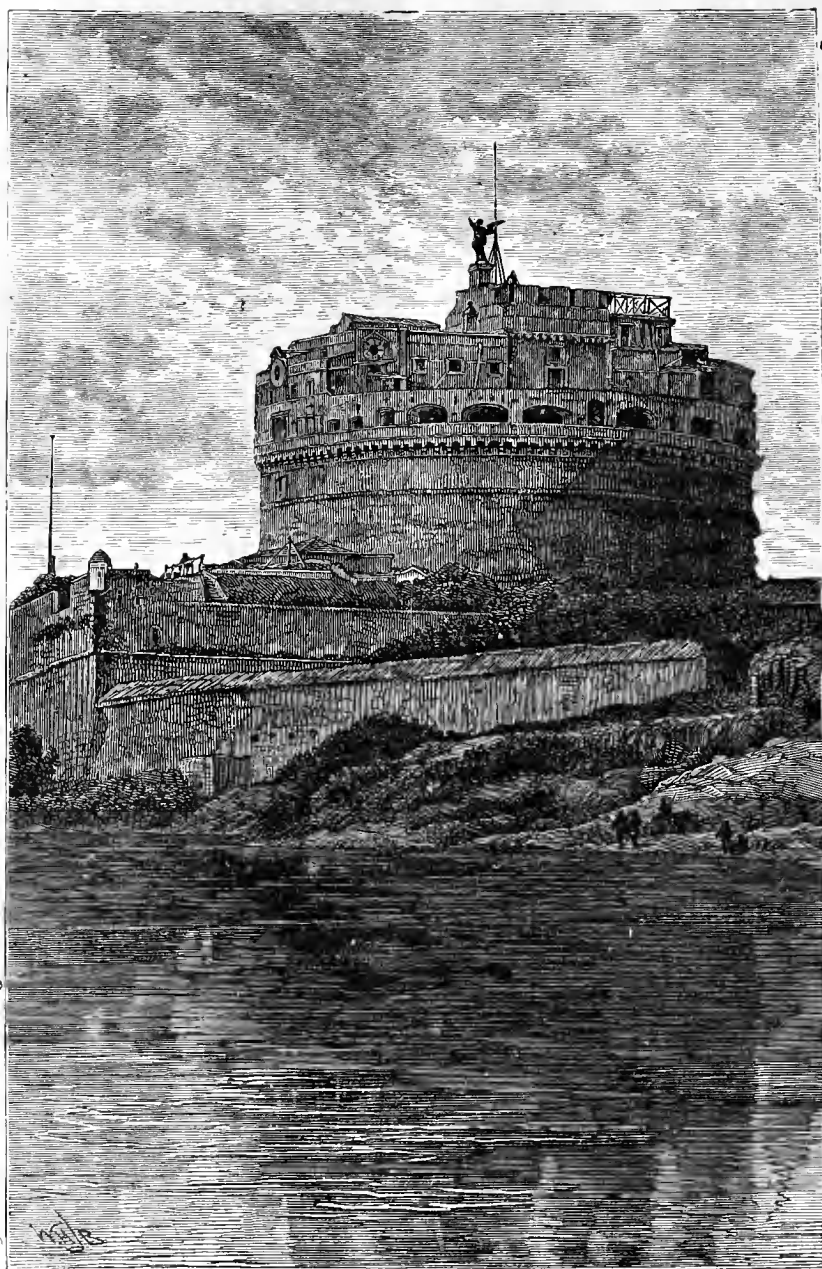
On arriving at Rome and journeying through the city, we find, although Rome and Naples are in the same country, and are only about one hundred and forty miles apart, that the general appearance of the people is different. The improvement is in favor of Rome, as the people here appear cleaner, better looking, more orderly and more industrious than those of Naples, who, I should think in the above characteristics, rate lower than any large city in the world.

Rome is a city of fine buildings, and the greatest city for churches (nearly all Roman Catholic) in existence. Very many of the churches have beautiful paintings of the Virgin Mary, Jesus as a child, the sufferings of some of the early martyrs, and also beautiful sculptures of the same subjects. The works of art, in many instances, are so very valuable, as to be almost priceless.

At the hotel where we stopped, our fellow guests were nearly all pilgrims, or visitors expecting to see the Easter ceremonies. They were of many nationalities, Germans, Hungarians and Poles being in the majority, and there being a few Americans.

We visited St. Peter's Cathedral, the largest Catholic church ever built. It is also from the inside of more majestic proportions than any other building ever erected. Like most of the religious buildings of Europe the acoustic properties are bad, and I think how grandly our Salt Lake tabernacle is constructed, so that the voice of a speaker may be heard all over that building. From the outside it does not appear nearly as majestic as from the inside. The time occupied in building it was one hundred and twenty years and the cost fifty million dollars.

We visited many of the other churches, and admired the beautiful paintings and



MOLE OF HADRIAN.

statuary in them; and also some of the picture galleries for which Rome is famous. In the Pope's palace, the Vatican, there is a very fine gallery of pictures.

In each of two churches we visited, there was a doll magnificently dressed and covered with jewels, and before which candles were

kept continually burning. This was to represent the infant Jesus. These dolls, they say, are not uncommon in the Roman Catholic churches in Italy, and the name they have for them is that of bambino.

We also visited many ruins of ancient times, such as Roman temple ruins, viaducts like

the Appian way, the Colosseum, etc., some of which were works of extreme magnitude. Among them the triumphal Arch of Titus which was erected in honor of his victories over the Jews and the destruction of Jerusalem.

The Column of Trajan is a column to represent the triumphs of the Emperor Trajan over the Dacians. On the column to represent scenes of this war there are sculptured two thousand five hundred different figures. On the top of the column there was originally a statue of the Emperor Trajan, but now there is a statue of St. Peter.

The Mole of Hadrian, originally built by that emperor as a mausoleum for the interment of the bodies of himself and his successors, was afterwards turned into a fortress and used by the nobles for a long time to

keep the people of the city in subjection. It was then called the Castle of St. Angelo, which name it still retains.

The Colosseum was an immense theatre, so large that at its inauguration, which lasted a hundred days, five thousand wild beasts were killed by the gladiators; here also the gladiators fought with each other, and here many Christians were given up to be devoured by wild beasts; these performances having been given for the brutal gratification of the spectators. This building could furnish room for about 87,000 people, over seven times as many as the Salt Lake tabernacle will accommodate. It was without a roof, but at the time of the performances it was covered with sail cloths, so that the sun and rain might be kept off.

Rome was founded 753 years before the



INTERIOR OF ST PETER'S AT ROME.

birth of our Savior. As the Roman empire expanded it became the greatest city in the world. During the invasion of Italy by the Gothic tribes, on the decline of Roman supremacy, its misfortunes were great, and it was repeatedly conquered. After that time, for many centuries, it was under the rule of the Popes, but it only possessed a small portion of its former greatness. Since 1870, at which time Rome became the capital of united Italy, its population has increased, many fine government buildings have been erected, a magnificent embankment has been constructed on both sides of the river Tiber, and Rome, although its population is under half a million, is fit to rank with the capitals of the great nations of the world.

The city is filling up with pilgrims. The

religious solemnities will be kept with splendor in St. Peter's and the other churches. Great processions of the different orders of the Roman Catholic church in their varied costumes will be given, with the burning of incense, and the splendid decoration of religious buildings, that accompany such ceremonies on Good Friday and Easter Sunday. We however do not wait, and as we travel homeward we do not continually have as chance companions, those who are traveling to visit places connected with events of their religious belief. For a few days we meet pilgrims going to Rome, while we are going away from that city, but after that in our hearing as we travel along the road pilgrim or pilgrimage is rarely mentioned.

Thos. P. Page.



AS THE TWIG IS BENT.

By Sarah E. Pearson.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 718.)

[Letter from Lieutenant Gallant to his sister.]

THE FORT,
September 5, '92.

My Dear Lottie:—

How Guild would laugh, if he didn't actually sneer, could he take a peep over your shoulder at this moment and read a confession of love from your unsusceptible brother and on the same line "ineligible," or rather "not allowed to compete," and that too for the hand of a *Mormon girl*, daughter, by a *plural wife*, of Truman Anchor, farmer, ranchman, etc., etc.

It may ever seem equally ridiculous to you (looking at the question from the extreme of Eastern prejudice as Mr. Anchor views it

from his extreme of Western—shall I say bigotry? It seems so to me now though time may modify my ideas when I can view the subject dispassionately.) I say it may seem equally ridiculous to you that I could have so far forgotten my family, position, station in life, or what not as to propose such a misalliance, but I will shock you still further with what I have yet to say. I not only sued for the privilege of paying my addresses to the lady, but offered to do my best to remove the chief barrier of the father's objections by studying their system of religion with the ultimate end in view of becoming identified with them if I could believe.

But alas! though "love levels all ranks," it

is as useless to expect a staunch Mormon to give his daughter to a «Gentile» as it would be for a Christian to ask an orthodox Jew for the same favor. «Be ye not unequally yoked together,» is as strong a tenet with the Mormon as with the Jew—all culture, social position, money, family—weighing as nothing in the balance against a difference of religious opinion.

I have told you in my previous letters how favorably I have been impressed with these people, their industry, sobriety, earnestness and morality—and I have looked a little into their doctrines in a desultory way, but though I did not think it then I now believe there was an underlying attraction from the first in this lovely and gifted girl. Like a botanist who sees a rare flower in an unusual zone, or a miner who discovers his favorite gem in a strata where he least expects it, so here, among the Mormons, a people whom, before I knew them, I would have thought as little likely to produce my ideal woman as the average Apache, I have found the one pearl I would wear in my bosom.

The night when it was discovered to my own heart how much I loved her the surgeon and I were returning from the station when we met her riding a broncho headed for town to get medicine and help for her father who was taken suddenly ill. Apparently the broncho took exceptions to the mule train in our rear, for he threw his rider within fifty yards of us and bolted. I escorted Miss Anchor home while the surgeon galloped ahead to see what he could do for her father.

How uncomplainingly she bore the pain in her arm, injured by her fall; her only thought being for the dear one at home! With what dignity she bore the tiresome ride through storm and darkness to reach his side! How like a Madonna she looked with her baby sister in her arms, the pale face crowned by its halo of shining hair! How could any man ever pass her by for another!

My hopes were high when the next morning I requested a private interview with Mr.

Anchor, told him of my love, and asked permission to pay my addresses to his daughter. I was fairly stunned by his courteous but very decided refusal to allow any advances whatever.

«May I ask your reasons,» I inquired, a little stiffly no doubt, for I was much chagrined and not a little nettled. «I can give you the best of references as to my character, family, etc., and I have sufficient means in my own right to provide every comfort for my wife. If you dislike my profession of soldier that can no doubt be arranged to the satisfaction of all parties. If you do not wish to lose your daughter by having her make her home in the East I will relinquish the society of my own people for her sake and settle somewhere near you.»

«I am sorry, lieutenant, to pain you, but it is a much more serious separation than any your mind seems to have grasped which would be the result of an alliance between you. Your training and all your ideas of life are so utterly at variance that harmony would demand a relinquishment of ideals of the weaker to the stronger, or, more clearly the natural and God-ordained submission of the wife to the husband, and that in this case and from our point of view would mean not only eventual earthly separation but spiritual death to her. We look upon our children as a heritage from the Lord, and I would but poorly requite my trust did I consent, even with her earnest pleadings added to yours to any alliance contrary to her eternal as well as temporal welfare.»

«But if I could be brought to believe as you do?»

«I am always delighted to give the right hand of fellowship to a sincere convert to Christ but it would be a poor beginning to join a church for any woman, and even if you seemed sincere and in good faith, it would take years of proof and trial to convince me that it was the religion not the girl to which you had become converted. And another thing, marriage with us is not so

much a legal bond as a sacrament, a covenant for eternity as well as for time, and we require that, quoting one of our Apostles, 'our boys be as pure as our girls, and our girls as pure as angels.'

«Knowing the loose morals of many soldiers we therefore discourage anything but the merest civilities between them and our young people, and have made an exception of you not only because of your evident superiority in those things we specially prize in a true gentleman, but on account of the abuse I chanced to overhear a blackguard soldier heap on you because of those very virtues he derided and boasted the lack of. It spoke volumes for you and I felt that I could trust you. I do not censure you in the least degree, lieutenant, when I say I am sorry now I did so. I have every regard for you in your place and station, but please do not let us refer to this subject again.» And I went away sorrowful for oh, my sister, though I know she loves me she would never marry me worlds without end against her father's advice or the promptings of her own conscience.

Only once more have I seen my darling, and God knows when I will ever see her again.

* * * *

The state fair was on at Albuquerque and I decided I would run up for a day or two. I stopped at the St. Albans and whom should I encounter in the hotel parlors but Mr. Anchor, his son, and his two daughters. He had accompanied them thus far on their way to school. They were cordial in their treatment of me, Mr. Anchor, specially so, as if to convince me that everything so far as friendship was concerned stood on the same sociable footing as of yore.

The young ladies had intended not to stop over to the fair, but I said all I dared to induce them to change their minds, and when they found their father was willing they readily acquiesced.

I was invited to be one of their party and three such exquisitely blended bitter-sweet

days I shall probably never see again. Under more favorable circumstances how I should have enjoyed «bearing» my darling around and lavishing money for her unspoiled enjoyment. Now I could only expend my vain love and longing in a look.

The language of shy maiden love was in her eye and would not be veiled, but there was also the shadow of the woman's renunciation. Her hand trembled in my clasp when we met, but her tense nervous fingers closed over mine firmly and as firmly relinquished it at parting.

Only once during those days did she show anything of the tumult which, judging from mine was going on in her heart and that would have attracted little attention from an ordinary observer though every word and gesture was full of meaning to me.

It was the last night of our stay and being pretty thoroughly tired out with our sight-seeing we had decided to remain quietly at the hotel.

Only a very few besides ourselves were in the hotel parlor, and the conversation and music reminded me of our pleasant evenings at the ranch, only Oscar wasn't there to glare ferociously at me; and, too, there was a new undefined feeling of oppression and loss, as though I had just again returned from the grave of my mother. Some one desired the ladies to sing, «In the Gloaming.»

Miss Julia still sat on the piano stool where she had been playing accompaniments and her soft, mellow voice, so admirably suited to songs of sentiment, soared clear until they reached the last verse.

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
Think not bitterly of me;
Though I passed away in silence,
Left you lonely, set you free.
For my heart was crushed with longing;
What had been could never be.
It was best to leave you thus, dear,
Best for you, and best for me.

.

We had exchanged no word of love or ex-

planation since we stood together under the pine the night of the storm, yet I felt that we understood each other, and this trembling, plaintive refrain was her heart-message to me. At the last note her fingers crashed down involuntarily upon the keys as she rose hastily from the instrument and walked straight to the door. And when in closing it she turned a little I saw that her eyes were shining with tears.

* * * * *

It was evident the father knew and trusted his daughter utterly. Perhaps also he trusted me as well, for there was not at any time the slightest evidence of espionage in our fellowship with each other.

I had purchased the finest copy of Emerson to be had in the city and pressed it into her hand with eloquent silence.

"And may I send you some books," she said, as we clasped hands and looked into each other's eyes at parting.

"Thank you, yes. Such a courtesy from your hands will be much appreciated."

"Your address will be at the fort?"

"For a time, yes." Then I stooped, speaking close to her ear so as to be heard above the thunder of the incoming train toward which we were moving:

"Julia, may I write to you?"

"Best not, I think," she replied, emphasizing her decision with a shake of the head.

And then a flash of her face through the car window as it moved by and that was the end.

* * * * *

Rex.

[Extracts from the diary of Miss Julia Anchor.]

PROVO,

March, 1893.

Half a year since leaving home and yet the time has been so filled it doesn't seem so long. I wonder how I should have endured these months had I been situated as I was last year. I have often contrasted the

"hominess" of having Janet and Jasper with me and keeping house to boarding among strangers. And yet to some extent I have been alone as every soul must be in the heart crisis of life. There are tragedies covered carefully from every other human eye where the profoundest human sympathy would be resented as an encroachment, and could only jar and bruise. There are Gethsemanes whose solitude we seek to fight out those hardest battles of life which are only known to us and God. It seems to me that separation by death, where the loved one filled every reasonable exaction and expectation of love to the last would be so much easier to bear than that knowledge of unworthiness which throws the quivering heart-gift back upon itself to writhe and wither.

That very encouragement which would bring the result desired must not be given, for the result must be won by trial to prove that the loved one is God's through obedience and sacrifice for principle, and not for the reward.

As I had intended I sent the books, a set of Church works, to Mr. R. G., and with a silent prayer submit the result to God, but oh, how hard to be borne the subsequent suspense of weeks and months!

Will he read them? Will he believe them? Will he sacrifice friends, position, home, worldly honors, every endearment and emolument of life to cast his lot with God's people? Without thought of me, without hope for me, will he still through his sacrifices prove himself worthy of me by proving worthy of the atonement of Christ?

Then if he can do this will our sacrifice cease to be necessary for our dearest wishes and hopes may then be crowned with consummation. Then will I know that our plant of love shall have water for its roots, as well as sunshine for its head; that my happiness is founded on a rock; that my tower of strength will not fail me in the day of trial.

I must have this assurance. Nothing less can satisfy me. All my life long have I

been taught by my noble father by precept and example, «Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all things shall be added unto you.» My training would count for little did I fail at the first great temptation.

Though every gesture of the loved one, every eloquent look, every word, the memory of every endearment, be, as Plutarch says, «enameled in fire;» with every impulse of love and every whim of worldly ambition gratified, yet would it take more, much more,—the satisfaction of an unsleeping conscience—to content «the awful soul that dwells in clay.»

Father writes that the family don't see or hear so much of beaux and balls as usual, now all three of us are gone. If he were in Provo he would probably fit the expression of his thought to the slang phrase of their being not «strictly in it» this winter. He says Oscar is either sick, or lonesome, or sulky, he hasn't been able to make up his mind which. When he isn't absorbed in his book the folks can hear the old barn reechoing of an evening with the melody of his violin, and he seems to compass all the passions of the human heart, love and hate, hope and despair, joy and sadness, faith and doubt, till he flings his responsive instrument into a corner and strides off for a solitary ramble among the fields.

I wonder if the saying that genius is a species of insanity wouldn't describe his case?

A pretty Scandinavian girl with straight black hair and black eyes—a beauty of true Norman type, who works for Sister Haynie in the post-office, and whose name, father says is Aagard Poulsen, blushes and looks extremely conscious whenever Oscar calls for his mail, and my gossip old papa thinks it will be a fine match when Oscar grows less self-centered, and blind, and oblivious. Well, the young folks will doubtless claim the privilege of fixing that thing up to suit themselves, and I confess that I have enough in-

terest in Oscar that I would like to see the girl and pass my private opinion upon her before he finally makes his choice.

Hey day! I don't seem to be much more successful in my match-making schemes (for other people of course) than father. I expected Janet and my favorite professor to take up with each other at once, and lo! she prefers a versatile, loquacious, stage-struck, youth of the Walton type, while the professor is all devotion to a pretty petite, arrogant professoress from P. G.

But the greatest surprise of all (and the pleasantest) was my dear teacher, Rena, (R. N.) whom I had pre-ordained and predestined to a life in the ranks of teacher, with never a love affair to detract from her devotion to a career of usefulness and honor in her chosen profession, and she and Jasper are engaged! Will wonders never cease!

April, '93.

They say there is nothing happens but the unexpected.

About the last person I should have thought of seeing from home called on us after school today. It was Brother Andelin. He was on his way to Ogden to meet his mother and sisters who arrived from Sweden in the last emigrant ship. He brought messages of love from all at home. He is the same old Oscar, with a difference. A trifle thinner, a trifle more Americanized, a trifle more sensitive and proud, perhaps, but, wherein he can serve you, the same big-hearted, self-forgetful Oscar. I saw no evidence of the sulkiness father mentioned. On the contrary he was bright and glad, doubtless with the near future prospect of having his own people under his own roof-tree.

I asked him in regard to his plans, but he said they would depend much on his mother's feelings and advice.

I invited him to bring them to see us as they passed through Provo.

«Not so, Miss Julia,» he replied with his usual bluntness of speech, «that will not do.

They will be travel-stained and weary and they also will look outlandish and odd beside the people of this country, but I will come and fetch you to them if you will allow me."

Jasper and Janet pleaded other engagements when Oscar called for us a few days later, but he was apparently quite satisfied if one of us accompanied him so he and I wended our way to the Roberts House together. I believe the whole academy was out in force and that they were all promenading in the opposite direction, for we seemed to meet whole platoons and regiments of them and had to face whole batteries of eyes. (Bah! how I hate army figures of speech, and want to bite my tongue whenever I use one.)

Oscar looked positively fierce at them as though he dared them to criticise or smile. His expression of active self-defense amused me so much I could hardly keep from laughing myself. But he looked real nice nevertheless, so I was rather proud of him, and when next day some of the students wanted to know who my escort was I told them, "Thor, in disguise."

And what an odd little mother he has, to be sure. Her quaint north country costume of stiff home woven linsey-woolsey and gay cotton kerchief reminded me of a charming Dresden figure in Taylor's furniture store window. Oscar introduced us and then acted as interpreter. "And you're the tiny mother of this big man!" cried I as we shook hands. "Welcome to Zion, Sister Andelin." When he told her what I said about her "big boy" she laughed and stroked his yellow hair with the loving gestures of the universal mother which needs no interpretation.

Then she looked me over attentively and said something which made Oscar smile and blush like a girl but he didn't tell me for years after what that was.

There were two girls, Anna and Marie, about eleven and thirteen years old. We had a very nice visit together before the train started, and Oscar was burdened with a load of messages for the dear ones at home.

He told me he had decided to go back and work for father awhile yet and have his mother and sisters keep house for him.

Father says R. G's company is ordered to Galveston.

So he has gone and made no sign. I have little hopes of him now. So I take down his beautiful gift copy of Emerson and mark the passage, "God will not have His work made manifest by cowards. It needs a divine man to exhibit anything divine," and then close it and my heart upon the grave of my sweet first love.

July '94.

Have just completed my first year's service in the schoolroom. Feel myself a child in experience and an old woman in years. Think there must surely be some "silver threads among the brown."

Janet and Jasper finished their second academic year at Provo in June. Jasper is taking the missionary course. Janet will be married to her "Knight of Thespian" and go to Mound Fort to raise pumpkins and beans next summer, so that is the first break in the family. Wish she could have lived somewhere near me, but as there is no telling where I will live there is no use to wait for that.

As twenty-two finds me without prospect or inclination for that sort of thing, thirty will probably find me where I imagined Rena would be at that poetic age, a schoolmarm with rabid tastes of improvement and reform (in other people,) and fifty an old maid settled contentedly at home with my cat and my knitting, and the little boys I used to teach (handsome young men now) coming to cut my wood and plow my garden.

"Old Blue," as the soldiers used to call Brother Zadoc Jameson, married Aagard Poulsen last Christmas. The old blue horse does duty no longer, but has laid his bones and the hide down on the plains to bleach white somewhere between here and the reservation, while a brown cavalry horse proudly takes

his place between the shafts of a smart new rig and hauls the bluing bottles to and fro.

Anna and Maria are helping Aunt Bertha at the ranch this summer, but will go to Salt Lake with their mother in October, to follow the fortunes of Oscar, who works at a music store and receives technical instruction from a noted local violinist.

August, '95.

I have contracted with the trustees to teach here at home again next year, but the «winter of my discontent is past, and I anticipate a pleasanter year than this has been, for Jasper and Rena are to be married soon and he will go on a mission to Germany while she will help me in the school-room to obtain means to join him in his field of labor and will remain till its close.

April, '96.

Father, Rena, mother and I accompanied Jasper to Salt Lake April 3rd, when he was set apart for his mission and started on the 12th ult.

I believe his young wife bore the parting better than mother, for the prospect of Rena's joining him next year buoyed her spirits, while mother's health is so poor she is afraid it will be the last long goodbye. How the dear boy clung to her at the last, but we can bear much and bear it bravely when we are in the line of our duty, for then we know that we are entitled to the special blessing and providence of God.

Of course we called on our old friends the Andelins and found them doing nicely. I am glad to see that Oscar goes in for general culture, as that will make his special talent more useful and effective. He is a student of the L. D. S. college and how he has improved! The girls work out in Mormon families part of the time and part of the time they go to school. The old lady has never acquired much English, but what little she has is supplemented by very expressive gestures which go a long way towards

making her understood, so we don't need Oscar often as an interpreter.

April, '97.

I spent two months this spring with Janet and I am «auntie» to the loveliest little boy in the world!

Mother was too feeble to go to our dear one, so Janet said old maid aunts who have the theory of child culture down to such a fine point as I would be almost as good as a grandmother, so we enjoyed each other and the baby to the utmost for what little time we could be together. For oh, gentle reader, as the novelists say, I am going on a mission myself, with the best man in the world as missionary companion for this and every other call; for this and every other probation throughout the countless ages of eternity, and the first two letters of his name are—Oscar Andelin. Don't tell, at least not yet!

When he was down to spend Christmas with us I told father of the masterly way this big Swede appropriated me and—that I rather liked it, and father chuckled and said, «Pooh, pooh! little goose, he asked me for you over three years ago. I told him you were skittish as a colt, but to prove himself worthy and «go in and win.» He's a good boy to his mother, and he will be a good man to his wife. He comes of a sturdy race and though perhaps not as brilliant as some will make one of your solid citizens, and will sacrifice liberty or life for principle and religion. In short, daughter, I am glad that you seem at last in a way of appreciating Oscar, for (let me now whisper you a secret) raw and green as he was, I saw the man in him and picked you out for each other the very first time I saw you together.»

And I could only kiss him rapturously and call him an «incorrigible old matchmaker,» while I secretly commended his foresight.

We go to Germany with Rena (see, we take our practical geography lesson together at last, Rena and I, but not to Yellowstone

this time,) and will stay in Germany six or eight weeks that I may have a good visit with Jasper and that Oscar may enjoy some of the divine music of the old masters in its home setting, and then we proceed to our field of labor among his people in the "Land of the Midnight Sun." We are practicing vocal and instrumental music together at every opportunity for we feel that the divine art which soothes the savage breast will do much in opening our way to the ears and hearts of those we go to teach. And some day our voices will roll out the triumphant

strain of "We Thank Thee O, God for a Prophet," to meet the brilliance of the northern aurora, or the vesper hymn of "Oh, my Father," ripple over the heaving blue vesture of the mighty deep.

Not the philosophy of Emerson but the glorious plan of the redemption infuses my spirit, softens my heart, until I feel a foretaste of the true missionary spirit, the force of universal brotherhood which senses so acutely the call of the Master, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."



ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

QUESTION: Can the Indians rightfully be called Jews?

Answer: The races known to the world as American Indians, but to the Latter-day Saints as Lamanites are remnants of the house of Israel. They are the descendants of two colonies that the Lord brought from Jerusalem to this continent in the reign of Zedekiah, the last king of Judah. The first of these companies left Jerusalem in the year B. C. 600; the second about eleven years later. The first was led by a prophet of God named Lehi. Though Lehi had lived in Jerusalem all the days of his life (I Nephi 1:4,) yet he was of the house of Joseph, being a descendant of Manasseh, that patriarch's eldest son. (Alma 10:3). Lehi's family intermarried with the family of another descendant of Joseph, named Ishmael, who also was a resident of Jerusalem; but Ishmael came through the loins of Ephraim, Joseph's younger son. The descendants of this colony became the governing, ruling races on this western continent.

The second colony also left the city of Jerusalem. With that company was a son of King Zedekiah. He, of course, would be of the tribe of Judah, and as the only son of the king, (all the others having been killed by the Babylonian conquerors) he would be heir to the throne of the kingdom of Judah. This child is known to us as Mulek, which means, the prince; and the people of that colony were called the people of Mulek. About four hundred years or so after their departure from Palestine they were discovered by one of the branches of the descendants of Lehi and the two people became one. At the time of their discovery they were ruled by a king named Zarahemla, and for that reason were afterwards called the people of Zarahemla. The branch of Lehi's family with whom they united, were called Nephites, and though fewer in number (Mosiah 25:2) than the people of Zarahemla yet they possessed the Priesthood, enjoyed a higher civilization, and were in other respects the more progressive race. Hence, when the two races became one the Nephite

element prevailed and the united people became known as Nephites. Nephi being of the tribe of Joseph, the races descended from these two colonies when spoken of as one people are considered as being the offspring of Jacob's favorite son.

Question: If a man is not ordained a High Priest while in this life, is it necessary that this ordinance be performed in his behalf after his death to enable him to obtain a fullness of salvation?

Answer: No, there is nothing in the word of God or in the ordinances of His house that conveys such an idea. A man must receive and hold the Melchizedek Priesthood to enter into and abide in the presence of the Almighty Father, but no particular office in that Priesthood is required. When that which is perfect is come that which is in part will be done away.



SELECTED POEMS.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Ye are passing in your beauty;
I had wept to see ye go,
Were ye trampled down to perish
In the springlight's morning glow;
But to part with life, possessing
All the glory life achieves,
I'd proudly share a fate so fair,
Sun painted autumn leaves.

Sarah E. Carmichael.

The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums
Are drooping heavy-eyed.

"The clouds in bars of rusty red
Along the hill-tops glow,
And in the still, sharp air the frost
Is like a dream of snow."



BROTHER BABY.

When Brother Baby comes down late,
His trouble, his distress is great,
He missed the "blessing" while upstairs—
"Mother," he says, "give me some prayers!"



TWO KINDS OF FAITH.

Belief expressed in praise or prayer
That yields no fruit from year to year,
Though God's fair seasons o'er it roll,
Is a dead fig-tree of the soul.
But like gold flowers amid earth's weeds
Is faith that blossoms forth in deeds.



WINTER'S WAKENING.

"The hills are bright with maples yet;
But down the level land
The beech-leaves rustle in the wind
As dry and brown as sand.

"The berries of the brier-rose
Have lost their rounded pride,

THE HEAVENLY VISION.

When I am dead,
May this with truth be said,
On the rude stone that marks my lowly head,
That, spite of doubt and indecision,
In spite of weakness, lameness, blindness,
Heart's treachery and Fate's unkindness,
Neglect of friends and scorn of foes,
Stark poverty and all its woes,
The body's ills that clog the mind
And the bold spirit bind,
Still through my earthly course I went,

"Not disobedient
Unto the heavenly vision."

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

EDITED BY LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

PLAYING BAPTIZE.

THE Milner children were discussing the subject of baptism just now with animation in the bath-room, where they were at play. It was Sunday, and the rest of the household, excepting Ellen the hired help, were at church, and would not be home for over a half-hour. Ellen was down stairs, and there really seemed no reason why they should not perform the ceremony of baptism for each other in the bath-tub right now.

"We can be baptized in our night-gowns," Bess suggested. "They are all going in the laundry tomorrow, anyway, so it won't matter if they do get a little wet."

"A little!" Bob exclaimed, with threatening emphasis. "If we go into this at all, it means more than a little! It will mean all over, or nothing?"

"I'm not afraid!" said Bess, alert to the tone of challenge in Bob's voice.

"Come on then!" he shouted, and led the way at full speed to the nursery; the younger ones scampering to keep up with his fleet footsteps.

It took Bess some time to undress herself and Dot, so that Bob was ready, and had let the tub run full to the brim with water, by the time they joined him in the bath-room.

It was decided that Dot should be baptized first, as she was the littlest; and as Dot did not fully realize the actual nature of complete immersion, she allowed herself to be made a victim of the unknown ordeal without flinching.

Bob held her head, and Bessie her feet, and they did not let her down very far, so that if she had held her breath, as Bob instructed her, it would not have been so bad.

As it was, she came up gasping and fur-

ious, disposed to treat Bob and Bess as enemies who had conspired in underhand dealings at the expense of her credulity.

Bess stemmed the tide of an impending quarrel by boldly announcing herself ready for her turn at immersion; and in the interest and importance of taking part in the ceremony, and getting good hold of Bess' feet, Dot forgot her wrath; and when Bess came up out of the water serene and smiling, having profited by the sight of Dot's sputterings to hold her breath under water, Dot began to feel that she had in some way been cheated out of a good deal of fun, and demanded a chance for further experience.

But Bob insisted on having his turn beforehand, and the two girls made ready to take part in the ceremony.

They had to stand Dot on the stationary washstand, and wring her night-dress first, as Bess had hers, it was so dripping wet, and clung so. Then they had to hold a council to decide just how to baptize Bob—for he was the biggest of the three, and very heavy to hold.

As the tub was filled to the brim, the water came almost to Bob's arm-pits as he stood in it, and it was thought best that he should slide down himself, and Bess would keep hold of his hands and pull him up as soon as his head went out of sight.

When the council was ended Bob leaned back against the slant of the tub and Bess took tight hold of his hands.

"Ready! One—two—three!" Bess counted.

Bob slid down with a splash, going prone on his back in the bottom of the tub.

Bess pulled instantly with all her might, but Bob's plump body was not easily hoisted.

He commenced to jerk his arms; but Bess kept tight hold of them, making a valiant effort to bring him to the surface.

Then Bob's legs began to thrash the water violently, and Bess, frightened, told Dot to take hold of them, and help pull him out. Dot tried to obey, but in reaching over lost her balance, and went into the tub head-first; and Bess had to let go Bob's hands to save her sister.

By the time she had her out, Bob had stopped splashing, and lay so still in the water, that Bess began to scream with terror.

She reached down again and took hold of him, but he was like a dead weight in her arms, and she knew that Bob would never come to the top with her help alone.

By this time Dot was screaming and as Bess flew and unlocked the bath-room door, a frightened group, the members of the household who had just come from church, surged pell-mell into the room.

«What is it, Bess?» her mother cried excitedly; but Bess could only point to the bath-tub, and gasp «Bob!»

Mr. Milner was very pale as he lifted Bob's limp body out of the water; but it seemed brutal beyond words to Bess and Dot to see him lay. Bob face down on the floor and begin pounding and slapping his back. They had not heard of this stringent but effective method of reviving people, and the thought of poor Bob suffering instant corporeal punishment for the situation in face of the peril of it, suggested cruelty with which only the imagined tortures of Bluebeard's mysterious chamber might be supposed to compare.

To make things even more abnormal, their mother and nineteen-year-old sister were crying and wringing their hands—and the cap-sheaf of terror was laid, when Ellen came in with an empty vinegar-keg; and their father laid Bob across it, and rolled him to and fro—belaboring him vigorously over the back all the time.

Under less exciting circumstances Bess and Dot would have rioted in the vision of Bob's obesity perambulated thus on a vinegar keg to the accompaniment of constant punch-

ings and kneadings. But with Bob's face so white, and the grown people all in commotion, the two children could only scream with the rest.

Presently Bob opened his eyes and began to move, and then their father and the rest said «Thank God»; and Bess and Dot, bewildered, began to wonder if it was all right with Bob after all.

Presently some one poured some spiced brandy down Bob's throat, and then his mother wrapped him in hot blankets, which Ellen had brought and put him into bed, where he lay, blue and scared, till he fell asleep.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided, Bess' nurtured indignation found vent.

«I think papa was wicked to whip Bob while he was drowned. He might have waited at least till he came alive.»

«It was to revive him, Bess,» her sister explained. «If we hadn't rolled him and got up some of the water he swallowed, he might never have come to life.»

This explanation made the incident a little less gruesome, but it was now Bess' turn to explain; and when the story was told as to how Bob came to be in his predicament, Bess and Dot went to bed, too, for the day.

They were all allowed to get up the next morning, but none of them ever played baptize again.

J. S.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG.

(Tune, «Red, White and Blue.»)

Sing aloud all ye children of Zion,
Let your voices re-echo with praise;
There is but one God to rely on,
One Gospel, one Jesus—who says,
«The earth, sun and moon I created,
And the beautiful stars as they shine,
In their beauty and grandeur related,
I formed for a purpose divine »

Thank God for our homes in these mountains,
For the beautiful valleys and plains,
For the pure, crystal streams of the fountains,
Thank God for the sunshine and rains;

Praise Him for our blest situation—
For Prophets, Apostles and Seers,
To guide us by pure revelation—
Lord, add to their lives many years.

We'll pray to our God night and morning,
Our leaders and parents to bless
With the spirit of teaching and warning,
To guide us in all holiness.
We'll refrain from all things that are naughty,
Do right every day, and no wrong;
Thus escaping the fate of the haughty,
Be humble and happy and strong.

C L. Walker.

SMILES.

Ethel's "Epidemic."

Ethel's mother had been writing a letter, and having sealed and addressed the envelope, laid it on the table where it was picked up, later, by her five-year old daughter.

After laboriously spelling out the address, Ethel, who was not very far advanced in her geography, surprised her mother by asking, «What's the matter with Chicago, mamma?»

«What do you mean, Ethel!»

«Why, mamma, you've written on your letter—Chicago, Ill—and I wondered what disease it's got.»

The meaning of the abbreviation was explained, but Ethel still considered the use of it as apt to be misleading.

«If any one should read it on your letter, who didn't know their geography, mamma, mightn't they think perhaps Chicago had some kind of *epidermic*, like the mumps or measles?»

A Little Lad's Wish.

«I wish I could go to the wonderful land
Where the dream folk travel,» said he.

«I would sail in a boat till it grated the sand
That reaches down to the sea.
And the dear dream-people would laugh and sing,
And give me my choice of everything,
And maybe sometime they'd make me king—
Oh, mother, how nice it would be!

But I'd always come back, dear mother my own,
If I knew the way,» said he.

«And if I came back all glitter and gold,
From the wonderland over the sea,
Do you think you would know me, so gallant
and bold,

For your own little lad?» said he.

«If I came like a prince, for a great surprise,
Would you guess it was I, in such strange disguise?

But I'd climb in your lap, and I'd kiss your eyes
Until you began to see!

Do you think you would know me, O mother my-
own,

For your own little lad?» said he.

TO THE LETTER BOX.

Good Crops of Grain.

CARDSTON, ALBERTA, CANADA.

I read the little letters in the letter-box, and it encourages me to write myself. I am going to tell you about us children here in Canada. We like to read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and it teaches us some very good lessons. We were threshing yesterday, and I helped them as well as I could. We are very comfortable in our lovely home. I help my father and mother and do all I can to please them. The farmers all have lots of grain this year, and some have to make new granaries to hold all the grain. I will close with saying good-by.

Your loving friend,

ORSON REGA CARD. Aged 10.

Good Primary.

ORANGEVILLE, UTAH.

Our Primary teacher said she would like to see one of our names in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. We have a good Primary here. In Sunday School I am in the first intermediate class. It is the first time I have ever written to the Letter Box. I have three brothers and four sisters.

Your little friend,

SARAH BELL PEACOCK, aged 11.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

THE
JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

An Illustrated Semi-Monthly Magazine.

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION
OF THE YOUNG.

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

EDITORS:

GEORGE Q. CANNON, LORENZO SNOW, JOSEPH F. SMITH.

ASSISTANT EDITORS:

GEORGE REYNOLDS, JOSEPH M. TANNER.

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CONTENTS.

A

Alfred the Great.....	603
Along the Sinoloa Shore.....	150
Amsterdam Sunday School, The.....	745
Angel's Visit, An.....	686
Animals that Hang up to Sleep.....	552
Annual Statistical Report of the Latter-day Saint Sunday Schools for the Year Ending December 31, 1900.....	252
Annual Stake Sunday School Conferences, Notes on 403, 437, 461, 492, 538, 556, 585.	661
Answers to Questions 304, 334, 374, 400, 436, 506 532, 601, 621, 665, 699, 729, 772	661
As the Twig is Bent,.....	615, 650, 695, 712, 765
Asiatic Turkish Schools.....	419
Assassination of President McKinley.....	566
Aunt Zina.....	562

B

Back to Civilization.....	718
Bear Story.....	425
Berlin Sunday School.....	644
Bible, The Influence of the.....	336
Birth of the Reformation.....	529

C

Child Raised from the Dead—Lesson on Faith	483
Child in Religion, The.....	646
Children of Japan, The.....	728
Chimpanzee, A Life-saving.....	612
Chinese, Economy of the.....	83
Chinese, Industry of the.....	154
Chinese, Politeness Among.....	172
Chinese Temperament.....	218
Chinese, Indirect Methods Among.....	227
Chinese, Public Spirit Among.....	280
Chinese Contempt for Foreigners.	335
Chinese Precedents.....	376
Chinese Hardships.....	432
Chinese, Filial Devotion of the.....	469
Chinese Lack of Sympathy.....	500
Chinese "Ch'i".....	558
Christmas Eve.....	737
Church School Department.....	51, 115, 153
Contrast to 1901.....	593
Curious Birds.....	534
Current Water Wheels for Irrigation.....	683

D

Deseret Sunday School Union Department 13 86, 118, 177	
Drowning of President Snow.....	392

E

Economic Aspect of Luxury, 311, 328, 366, 410	428
EDITORIAL THOUGHTS:—	
Advantages of a Living Priesthood.....	178
Anarchy	594
Anarchy and Yellow Journalism.....	624
An Important Move.....	756
Assistant Superintendent Karl G. Maeser	145
Bible Errors.....	208
Centennial Anniversary of Brigham Young's Birth.....	338
Class Spirit The.....	561
Closing of the Schools During Sunday School Conferences.....	560
Correspondence from the Editor.....	48
Dates for Holding Annual Stake Sunday School Conferences.....	209
Deseret Sunday School Song Book.....	497
Explanation, An.....	595
Hawaiian Jubilee.....	16
Hawaiian Mission, The.....	114
Honesty and Virtue.....	144
Jubilee History of Sunday Schools.....	562
Last Days of President Snow.....	688
Minutes.....	306
Mortgaging, Evils of.....	722
New First Presidency, The.....	660
Nickel Sunday.....	626
Our Growth.....	595
Our Late Superintendent.....	274
Our Sunday School Conferences.....	496
President Snow.....	656
President Snow's Funeral.....	658
Recent Zionist Congress.....	434
Record Day.....	306
Religious Training.....	466
Re-organized.....	306
Resolutions of Respect to the Late Presi- dent George Q. Canuon	340
Resolutions of Respect to the Memory of First Assistant General Superinten- dent Karl G. Maeser.....	371

Salutatory.....	16	Why Claude is Crying.....	669
Social Aspect of the Sunday School.....	370	Forest of the Hague.....	321
Stake Officers' Meetings.....	402		
Statistics and Secretaries.....	528	G	
Sunday School Figures	244	Gibson, Walter M., The Fall of.....	470
Sunday School Treatise.....	497	Gift of Tongues, The.....	485
Sunday School Notes 15, 58, 208, 242, 276, 340, 407, 440, 465, 495, 596, 687, 730.		Guatemalan Mission, The.....	727
Teachers' Meetings.....	757		
Teaching of Chastity.....	560	H	
Teaching of Purity of Life in Our Sun- day Schools.....	80	Happiest Day of His Life, The.....	75
Who is it?.....	244	Healed by an Angel.....	272
Word of Warning, A.....	625	Hints to the Teacher of the Primary Class... ..	362
Elijah, The Prophet.....	97	History of the Early Christian Church 3, 54, 81, 120 131, 174, 205, 229, 278, 295, 332, 372, 398, 427, 449	
Elijah and the Chariot of Fire.....	161	How Faith Prevailed.....	269
Enoch.....	342, 363	How my Baby was Healed	188
		How Rachel Found a Husband.....	323
F			
Family Devotions, The Importance of.....	747	I	
Fast Day Incident.....	156	Insects as Food.....	634
Fishes as Letter Carriers.....	613	Inspired Promise Fulfilled, An.....	579
Flores, On to.....	517	In the Capital.....	202
Flores, the Island City.....	627		
FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS:—		J	
A Fair Question.....	317	Japan and Her People.....	473
A Happy Thanksgiving Day.....	731		
A Merry Heart Doeth Good Like A Me- dicine.....	666	K	
A Queer Playhouse.....	444	Kindergarten Exercises, Sunday School.....	6
A Trip to Alberta, Canada.....	413	Kindergarten Lesson, A Sample.....	503
Daisy and her Sister May.....	378		
Development of the Memory.....	59	L	
Dutiful Nellie.....	570	Lady's Mistake, A.....	310
Ethel's Epidemic.....	776	Land of Dams and Dykes, The.....	1
For New Year, 1901.....	31	Learned Burro, The.....	389
Harry's Happy New Year.....	29	Little Boy's Faith, A.....	441
Home, Sweet Home.....	263	LIVES OF OUR LEADERS:	
Jem's Birthday.....	348	Patriarch John Smith.....	193
June First, 1901.....	349	President Seymour B. Young	225
Little Bottles.....	637	President C. D. Fjeldsted.....	289
Margaret's Shilling.....	91	President B. H. Roberts.....	353
Our Primaries in Canada.....	507	President George Reynolds.....	385
Playing Baptize.....	774	President J. G. Kimball.....	417
Queen Victoria.....	254	President R. S. Wells.....	481
Requests of American Bands of Mercy... ..	446	President Joseph W. McMurrin.....	513
Sunday School Valentine Party.....	123	Bishop Wm. B. Preston.....	545
Snow, Lorenzo, the Prophet.....	668	Bishop R. T. Burton.....	577
The Baby in the Water.....	315	Bishop John R. Winder.....	609
The Dog and Pony Show.....	540	Apostle Hyrum M. Smith.....	673
The Sparrow's Death.....	315	Bishop Orrin P. Miller.....	705
The Winter Holidays.....	58		
Three Lessons.....	189	M	
To the Letter Box 31, 60, 93, 126, 157, 191 221, 254, 284, 317, 350, 380, 415, 446, 479 509, 541, 572, 607, 638, 671, 701, 735, 776		Maeser, Karl G., Character Sketch.....	179
		Maeser, Karl G., Our Departed Friend.....	183
		Manifestation, A Comforting.....	649
		Marriages, Some Odd.....	498
		Marvelous Manifestation of the Gift of Tongues, A.....	744

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P

Q

R

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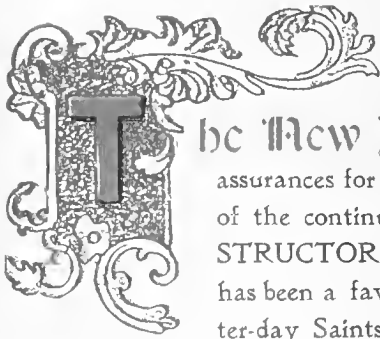
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OFFICE OF
DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION
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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

PROSPECTUS

The Juvenile Instructor,

VOL. XXXVII, FOR 1902.



The New Year It is with the most gratifying assurances for the New Year that the announcement of the continued publication of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is made. For the past thirty-six years it has been a favorite magazine in the homes of the Latter-day Saints, and those who have been its constant readers have received in some measure a liberal education from the information imparted by this most helpful periodical. Since it has been the organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union an additional incentive has been given to its support.

Editorial Department.

During the past year the deaths of Presidents George Q. Cannon and Lorenzo Snow have made it necessary to make a change in the Editorial Department of the magazine. Hereafter President Joseph F. Smith will be its Editor-in-Chief, and will afford the Saints, and especially the youth of Zion, an opportunity to receive through the medium of the JUVENILE his views and instructions upon vital ques-

tions affecting the Saints, either in the Editorial Department or the Topics of the Times. His Assistant Editors will be George Reynolds and Joseph M. Tanner. Mrs. Louisa L. Greene Richards will continue to edit the Children's Department of the magazine.



Partial List of Contributors.

The following is a partial list of those who will contribute to the new volume: President Lund, Apostles Grant, Cowley and Woodruff, President A. W. Ivins of Mexico, Hon. O. F. Whitney, Dr. J. E. Talmage, Dr. J. A. Widtsoe, Prof. W. M. Wolfe, Mrs. Susa Y. Gates, Malcolm Little, J. W. Summerhays, C. Y. Taggart, E. F. Parry, Nephi Y. Scofield, Benjamin Goddard, S. E. Pearson, Josephine Spencer, Alice L. Reynolds and H. W. Naisbitt.



Contents. The highest aim of the magazine will be the promotion of faith in the youth of Zion, and to this end faith promoting articles, incidents, historical and biographical illustrations, and general instruction will be given. Important incidents of Holy Writ will be reviewed, and the teachings of the Scriptures will be kept prominently before the readers. The brethren of the First Presidency, as well as other leading men of the Church will give the readers of the JUVENILE the benefit of their experience and observations.



Official Organ of the Sunday Schools.

As the official organ of the Sunday Schools, special instruction on questions of discipline, methods and subject matter will be imparted for the benefit of officers and teachers. Brief summaries of conference reports will be printed so that all workers in the Sunday Schools may know something of the general spirit and work of the organization everywhere throughout the Church. The JUVENILE will contain the official an-

nouncements of the Union Board, and provide such information as ought to be in the possession of every Sunday School worker. The Topics of the Times will continue to furnish the readers of the magazine with discussions of the leading events of the day, in which the Latter-day Saints are most concerned by reason of their faith and hopes. These articles in the past have been of unusual interest to the Saints, and they will continue to furnish most interesting reading upon the great living issues of the day.



Answers and Questions. The department of Answers to Questions will furnish a strong inducement to the Saints quite generally to subscribe for the JUVENILE. This department will give information in answer to questions that may arise not only in class work, but in the general desire on the part of the Saints to receive information on particular questions. The utmost care will be taken to make this department authoritative in every respect.



For the Little Folks. This department will, as heretofore, furnish interesting matter for the little ones, by the publication of matter intended for the understanding and encouragement of the children.



Secular Matter. The JUVENILE will continue to discuss the important events and the great achievements in the growth and history of the world. Moral stories for the entertainment and instruction of its readers will be published. Biographies and anecdotes will afford valuable instructions to the young, and arouse within them the most praiseworthy ambitions and aims in life. It is expected that a number of articles will be written descriptive of Japan and its people, by the brethren who are filling a mission in the land of the Mikado. Among other inducements to the readers of the

JUVENILE will be offered a series of articles on the history and prospects of the Mexican Mission by President A. W. Ivins. Incidents and descriptions of travel will be given from the pens of our most talented Elders who may be traveling in distant parts of the world.



General Aims.

The Deseret Sunday School Union did not secure the ownership of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR with the purpose of making money. The aim was higher, viz: To control a magazine that would be under the immediate supervision of the Sunday School authorities, and through its columns reach the Sunday School teachers, the parents, and the children; to encourage literary talent among the Latter-day Saints, and especially to place before the children of the Saints pure and unobjectionable literature, to aid them in becoming useful members of the Church and strong in the faith of their fathers. It is designed also to make the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR a family magazine, interesting to all, from the youngest to the oldest member, and the officers in charge will not be satisfied until it is in the home of every Latter-day Saint.

The management of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR has every reason to offer its readers the strongest assurances that the magazine for 1902 will be a most instructive and faith promoting publication, a necessity in the homes of the Saints.



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Amounts received, not already advertised, by the General Treasurer for the purchase of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to December 10, 1901. Sixth List.

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PRIZE PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

THE following persons have furnished correct answers to our Rebus found in No. 23 JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The sentence was taken from the Add of Walker Bros. Dry Goods Company as follows: "Gentlemanly suits with fine Tailoring, and the careful finishing that fastidious mothers look for.

On giving the matter careful consideration we have awarded the Prizes to the following named persons:

First Prize—"Punctuation," Miss Lizzie Evans, Samaria, Idaho.

Second Prize—"Neatest Letter," Adelia Schaerrer, Payson, Utah.

Third Prize "Penmanship," Miss Clara E. Farnsworth, Manti, Utah.

Of those marked "Good," and entitled to consideration are the following:

Ola O. Cole, Willard, Utah
Bertha Kunzler, City
B. L. Robins, Scipio, Utah
Alice Wagstaff, Charleston, Ut

Mrs. Ann Andrees, Murray, Ut
Zella Christiansen, Rexburg, Id
E. Christensen, Mt. Pleasant, Ut

Geneva Stewart, Benjamin, Ut
Leonora Snow, Pine Valley, Ut
Mrs. Clara S. Stucki, Paris, Ida

Each Letter Received is also worthy of note but space will not permit.

ADDITIONAL NAMES.

Zella Christiansen, Rexburg, Ida
Wealthy Suttone, Paris, Idaho
Geneva Harter, City
Lizzie Hodge, Paris, Idaho
Josie Patten, Provo, Utah
Bertha Kunzler, City.
Heber J. Irwin, Laketown, Ut
Arthur S. Findlay, Randolph, Ut
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B. L. Robbins, Scipio, Utah
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Arthur W. Jack, Oakley, Idaho
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Josephine Lewis, Wales, Utah
Mattie Cooper, Riverside, Ida
Leonora Snow, Pine Valley, Ut
Susie E. Martineau, King, Ut
Mrs. Clara S. Stuki, Paris, Ida
Adelia Schaerrer, Payson, Ut

Tillie Gurney, Lehi, Utah
L. N. Philips, Lehi, Utah
Luzetta S. Morgan, La Belle, Id
Clara E. Farnsworth, Manti, Ut
Geneva Stewart, Benjamin, Ut
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John Wiscombe, Springville, Ut
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D. Noble, Pleasant Grove, Utah
Amasa Howard, Aurora, Utah
Roxana C. Hopkins, Logan, Ut
R. C. Butler, Ogden, Utah
Nora Thurber, Richfield, Utah
Nellie Unsworth, Ogden, Ut
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Rebecca C. Allen, Hyrum, Ut.
Julius Johnson, Mesa, Ariz.

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Mrs. Annie Andrees, Murray, Ut
E. Christensen, Mt. Pleasant Ut
T. E. Buckwalter, City
Ida Stacey, City
J. G. Probst, Midway, Ut.
Eunice Cox, Orderville.
Bessie Lee, Ogden, Ut
I. F. Alvord, View, Utah.

Winners will kindly advise us where we may send the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for the year 1901.

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